Vol. I JANUARY, 1921 No. 4

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

CAMPING OUT AT 40° BELOW

A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S Post Inspector camping for the night near Great Slave Lake. Defying the snows, these hardy men "mush" with dog teams from Fort to Fort across the vast silent spaces of the great North, keeping H.B.C. communications open and taking account of furs traded at each post of the district.

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

Bidding for World's Fine Furs at London Auction Sales

Four Weeks' Annual Selling of Pelts Draws Cosmopolitan Crowd of Buyers from All Quarters of the Globe— H.B.C. Auction of Chief Interest.

By J. D. J. FORBES (*London Fur Warehouse*)

IF a stranger were to ask where the fur quarter in the City of London is situated, perhaps the simplest answer would be to tell him to make for the Guildhall, and then to walk due south towards the River Thames. He would proceed along King Street (which is continued as Queen Street after Cheap side is passed) and in less than five minutes would be at his destination. What the Rue d'Aboukir is to Paris and the Bruehl to Leipzig, Queen Street is to London. It stands for the heart and centre of the London fur trade. Except for the Hudson's Bay Company's warehouse, which stands apart, all the most important fur merchants and commission houses are located within a stone's throw of the College Hill Public Saleroom—the entrance to which is in Queen Street—where the world's fur produce is periodically put up for auction.

World's Buyers Assemble in Saleroom

In the saleroom itself there is little to suggest a fur market; no skins or pelts are to be seen; no samples are displayed to catch the eye of possible buyers; there is no odour of furs or naphthaline. The saleroom reminds one of a large classroom with its rows of desks and forms facing a narrow rostrum whereon the selling broker and his assistants sit. Here three times a year assemble fur buyers from all over the world. The typically English features of the brokers contrast strangely with the faces of the cosmopolitan crowd which throngs the saleroom benches; and when in the intervals of selling a buzz of conversation is heard, it seems incredible that one is in the heart of London and not in some Levantine port.

Selections Are Made From Catalogs

Each buyer brings to the saleroom his catalogues, containing valuations and descriptions of the pelts he has inspected at the various fur warehouses. For the most part, only a very small proportion of the lots catalogued are seen by the prospective buyer; these are "show" lots and represent the bulk, which could not be properly examined in the short time at his disposal. There are usually about twenty catalogues—some of which contain only a few hundred lots but most of which run into thousands of lots—and as the fur collections are distributed amongst a dozen different wharves and warehouses, where the skins are lotted and placed "on show," only a few days before the sales takes place, it will be appreciated that the thorough-going dealer who wishes to acquaint himself with the whole collection of furs on the market has plenty to do!

The Order of the Sale

At one time the order of selling was rather haphazard, but in recent years the sale arrangements have been revised and co-ordinated. Catalogues are now divided into definite sections, and the entire market supply of furs contained in section 1 of the various catalogues is offered for sale before section 2 is dealt with, and so on—the brokers balloting among themselves for precedence. In accordance with long-established custom, the first goods to be put up for sale are those coming from China and the far east (these auctions are referred to as the "China sales"); next comes the catalogues of Australian furs, followed immediately by any offerings there may be of fur seals.

H.B.C. Auction Premier Attraction

Although these auctions occupy the whole of the first sale week, they are of secondary importance when compared with the sales of the choicer North American and Siberian furs, which commence on the Monday of the second

week with the Hudson's Bay Company's sale. Needless to say, the Company's auction always proves the greatest attraction of the whole series and never fails to draw a crowded room. The Company's catalogue is the only one now sold in its entirety without a break, and this for the very good reason that it provides the most reliable basis for comparison of values and enables the experienced buyer to appraise market fluctuations with confidence.

The rest of the week following the Company's sale is taken up with the disposal of "fine" furs (such as beaver, ermine, foxes, marten, otter and sables) from other catalogues; the third week sees the "staple" lines (such as skunk, opossum, musquash and raccoon) offered for sale; and in the fourth and final week sundry South American and lower grade skins are offered.

The Flexible Eyebrow An Aid in Bidding

The method of bidding at the fur auction is by what is known as the "silent" system. The auctioneer usually starts the bidding himself at a moderate figure and the buyers interested signify their bids by various methods—such as by a nod, or a wink, or even a flick of the pencil; sometimes indeed a buyer will merely look at the auctioneer whilst the bids are being taken and only remove his gaze when his limit has been exceeded. It is often amusing to notice the tactics adopted by two bidders, each of whom wants a particular lot: one may may perhaps be seated in the front row and he will perhaps bid by *raising his eyebrows*; the other (seated further back) will not look at the broker at all but will narrowly *watch his rival's hat* (the movement of which betrays the bidding) whilst he records his own bids by *moving his little finger!*

As a rule, bids advance by a definite amount, which varies with the value of the article in question: bids for beaver skins, for example, may start at 50s. and advance by 2s. steps to 100s., beyond which the advance is by 5s. steps; in the case of musquash an advance of 3d or 6d per bid is sufficient. When demand is keen and bidding brisk, buyers frequently discard the silent method, and the broker is assailed with a chorus of "up! up!" from all parts of the room. As it is often difficult in such cases to distinguish between bidders, the possession of a good pair of lungs is a decided advantage for a buyer.

Furs Sold at "Per Skin" Rate

Most lots are sold "at per skin"—that is to say, when a lot of musquash containing 1600 skins, for instance, is put up, the auctioneer needs to register the price of only one skin—the value of the lot being 1600 times that figure.

Although sitting for weeks in the saleroom buying sundry lots of skins from this catalogue and that may seem a dull job, yet the buyer with imagination finds the fur trade fascinating. He realizes that the skins he buys have taken months of patient toil and careful handling to assemble from the uttermost parts of the earth.

To him, the sale mark "MKR" denotes not merely a particular quality of fur, but suggests the mighty river of the great Northwest threading its lonely way from the plains to the Arctic Sea. It is this sense of the world-wide ramifications of the fur trade, and the knowledge that the Company's organization has played, and still plays, a notable part in its development that make one feel proud to belong to the Hudson's Bay Company.

An American Account of an Ancient Selkirk Settlement Caravan

THE Public Archives of Canada at Ottawa contain the following characteristic description of a Red River Caravan from the old Selkirk Settlement, as printed in the *Wisconsin Herald* of September 15th, 1847:

"On the 10th of July, there appeared at the village of St. Paul, on the Upper Mississippi, the most novel and original caravan that has ever appeared since Noah's ark was evacuated. Our readers are aware that there is an isolated settlement of several thousand inhabitants in a high latitude of British North America, known as the 'Selkirk Settlement.' Cut off from the commerce of the world, they rely entirely upon their own resources, their farms, their flocks and fishing for support—being a community, so to speak, of Robinson Crusoes. Their crops having

failed the last two seasons, they have been forced to break out of the wilds again and seek food in the markets of the great brawling world. Formerly their chief point of contact with commerce was Toronto; but now, owing to the increase of supplies on the Upper Mississippi, and the abundance of game and forage on that route, they trade at St. Paul, and the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi River.

"Into St. Paul they came, on the 10th of July, a caravan of one hundred and twenty carts, in a single file, wearily moving along by moonlight. Long after the head of the caravan had reached the village, the lengthened train of followers could be seen moving over the undulating prairie, partly visible and partly hidden between the billowy ridges of the extended plain, crawling onward like some huge serpent, the extreme rear still invisible and partly hidden in the dimness of the distance. They had travelled southward over the prairie six hundred miles, having been nineteen days on their way, through a region abounding in buffaloes—encamping at night in a tent, around which the carts were drawn in a circle, to fence in the cattle. . . . They brought along a large elk, a bear, and some other animals they had captured on their way—and many packages of furs. They had a very choice lot of buffalo robes, well dressed, which they sold at St. Paul by the lot at $3.50 each.

"They had with them also an abundance of specie, and waited a few days at St. Paul for the arrival of a steamboat load of flour and groceries. The caravan was made up of men and boys of all ages, kindreds, tongues and complexions. . . . Their dresses were as various as could be imagined, being uniform in only a single article of apparel—all wore mocassins. The carts were made wholly of wood and hides, the hubs being covered with bandages of green hide, drawn on while soft and then shrinking until they became nearly as tight as bands of iron. Some of these odd two-wheeled vehicles were drawn by little horses, and others by oxen, each animal—horse or ox—being geared in a harness of green hide. They are now again on their way back to the frozen wilds of the North, many of them probably never again to commune with the great world."

How Smith's Landing Became FitzGerald

Heroic Sacrifice of R.N.W.M.P. Officer Led to His Name Being Given to H.B.C. Landing

FITZGERALD, originally known as Smith's Landing, is at the end of the Athabasca River navigation, approximately three hundred miles below McMurray. It is an important point in the transportation system, as cargoes are there discharged and portaged sixteen miles to Fort Smith, where they are loaded into other steamers navigating the Mackenzie River.

In 1910, a commissioned officer of the mounted police named FitzGerald, along with three members of the force, left Fort McPherson for Dawson. The party encountered severe storms, and lost their way in the mountain passes. After wandering for several weeks, they decided to return, but owing to lack of food and inability to procure game of any kind they suffered great privation. Finally, they were obliged to kill their dogs for food. One of the members of the party died and the position of the survivors was desperate, as two of the remaining members were unable to proceed. FitzGerald left these men with all the clothing and whatever else they had that might benefit them and continued *alone* in an endeavor to get back to Fort McPherson and bring help. On reaching a point about twelve miles of the Post—which was then actually in sight—he was too exhausted to travel further and was frozen to death.

Meanwhile, the non-arrival of this patrol in Dawson caused the mounted police to send out a search party from that end on the assumption that FitzGerald's party might have been held up nearby, but the search party had to continue within this short distance of McPherson before finding the evidence of the tragedy.

FitzGerald was held in high regard by all the people in the Northwest Territory in which he served and application was made to the authorities at Ottawa to change the name of Smith's Landing to Fort FitzGerald to commemorate his worthy but unfortunately unsuccessful effort to secure relief for his party.

"Uplands," the Ancient H.B.C. Farm on Vancouver Island

Onetime Natural Park and Grazing Ground Now Being Subdivided at Victoria

By C. H. FRENCH, *District Manager for B.C.*

WHEN Victoria was established by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843 all that tract of land between Cadboro Bay and The Willows was a park, being studded here and there with beautiful oak trees and plentifully supplied with grass in which the elk loved to scamper about.

Farm Required to Support Post

At all Hudson's Bay Company's forts, the self-supporting feature was always given first consideration. At Victoria it was not only necessary to raise sufficient grain, butter and beef to support the Fort, but also sufficient to supply Russian America, or Alaska as we now know it. Uplands was one of the first farms established to gain those ends.

The farm buildings were always just where they now are, but the road leading to them was different, in that where it now takes a bend where the golf links association put up their sign, it continued straight through the cultivated fields to the farm buildings. An examination will show the trees and rocks still marking this road.

Riding to Uplands for the View

The officers at the Fort had saddle horses and it was to the uplands they went when desiring a ride on horseback. Many officers of Her Majesty's ships immediately on landing made arrangements for a horseback ride to this wonderful piece of country.

It has an elevation—without seeming to climb—sufficient to present perhaps the finest marine view to be found anywhere. The view was obtainable from almost any part of the thousand acres contained in the farm.

The handsome oak and maple trees were just sufficiently scattered not to obstruct the view of the Olympic Mountains to the south; San Juan and other islands to the east and southeast, which were overlooked by glorious Mount Baker, always standing out as if a sentinel clothed in white, guarding a country so rich in minerals, lumber and fish that its equal has yet to be discovered.

Looking north, towards James and Salt Spring Islands, one is almost speechless with admiration of the beauty that is stretched before the eye.

Indian Villages Are at Strategic Points

Indian villages were in earlier times established only at points where the food supply was abundant, but in this particular instance the village was established for strategic reasons. There were two points occupied by Indians; one toward the northern side of the bay, where the present Cadboro Bay Hotel is today located, and the other just inside the point, east of the presetn Yacht Clubhouse. Those living on the north side of the bay were the custodians of a portage from Telegraph Bay to Cadboro Bay, while the Indians on the south side of the bay were the real defenders of the tribe as a portage from there to Rock Bay had to be blocked to all enemies as it was to this point that retreats were made and where also was stored their winter supply of food.

The Songhees Had a Magic Spring

The Songhees on the southeast end of Vancouver Island had, I believe, the most strategic situation of any tribe on the coast. From their central village at Concordance Arm the all-important route was by Cadboro Bay, principally because the great spring that was regarded by them as possessing certain medicinal qualities was located at that point.

This spring was surrounded by willows and was so carefully camouflaged that one could hardly find it, excepting that the ground from the spring to the waterfront was more or less wet. In the improving of Uplands, this spring was drained in some way and, I am told, does not show on the surface now, but probably is diverted to the sea beach.

Hoot Mon! Th' Roarin' Game is on Wi' Lads o' the H.B.C.

Land, Retail and Wholesale Departments at Winnipeg Get Away to Fast Start—Some Already Displaying Mid Season Form

By OUT TURN

AT Winnipeg, the respective Curling Associations of the Land Department, Retail Store and Wholesale Depot are making up for lost time, the season having started late. Extent of the enthusiasm displayed in the Company's Winnipeg establishments for the grand old game is indicated by the hundred and ten yelling, sweeping adherents who turn out once and twice a week. Ice has been good and the weather just cold enough to induce lively work behind every skip. It is to be noted that more rocks are getting across the "hog" than the first part of last season.

If ice holds after present schedules are completed, it is planned to bring the victorious rinks together in an H.B.C. "bonspiel" for a decision on the Company Curling Championship for Winnipeg.

"Meet Me Face to Face"

Sketched are two well-known "skips" heading land department rinks and one "skip" who cuts a lot of ice in wholesale circles. Our staff artist caught him as he was shooting his first rock of the season, using the follow-through system. He is usually more dignified than as portrayed (on next page) and the editor remarks a terrific shift of latitude here as this arctic "skip" was but lately a strutting Toreador. The two land department "skips" pictured on this page wear no disguise and need no introduction but we'll give a Madebeaver to anyone who'll guess their identity.

"Draw Weight, We'll Sweep It!"

It is of course too early to make predictions as to probable winners in the various departmental associations. We cannot get any sort of a prognostication from our usually very opinionated Sporting Editor. For next issue, he promises to analyze the performance of the leading rinks and tell Messrs. Harman, Vesey and Sparling exactly what their respective chances are.

On the following page is the standing of the rinks as at 10th January:

Wholesale Boys! "Do You Know Him?"

—!!! Sweep Her-Up—She'll Never Reach

H.B.C. CURLING ASSOCIATIONS,
Winnipeg, 1921

Land Department

SKIP	Games Played	Won	Lost	Standing
Harman	4	3	1	.750
McDill	4	2	2	.500
Bellingham	4	1	2	.250
Joslyn	4	1	2	.250

Retail Store

MacGregor	2	2	0	1.000
Mills	1	1	0	1.000
Scott	2	2	0	1.000
Pearen	1	1	0	1.000
Parker	2	1	1	.500
Healy	2	1	1	.500
Tait	2	1	1	.500
Sidey	2	1	1	.500
Sparling	2	0	2	.000
Ogston	1	0	1	.000
Pugsley	2	0	2	.000
Bowdler	1	0	1	.000

Wholesale Depot

Swan	2	2	0	1.000
A. Thompson	2	2	0	1.000
Iveson	1	1	0	1.000
Veysey	3	2	1	.666
Poitras	3	2	1	.666
Phelan	2	1	1	.500
Brock	3	1	2	.333
O. Thompson	2	0	2	.000
McMicken	2	0	2	.000
Ross	2	0	2	.000

How Many "Advertisers" Has H.B.C.?

By MRS. JACK HAWKSHAW

SOME one will answer, "there's one ad-man in Winnipeg, one in Edmonton, one in Calgary, one in Yorkton, one each in Lethbridge, Nelson, Vernon, Kamloops and Vancouver." If that is all, then I am afraid it's time to be up and doing. Each employee in the Company's service should be "on the advertising staff," *to promote good feeling and optimism.* Think what a great thing it would be right now at the beginning of a New Year and on the threshold of a new season, if the company's thousands of employees took a leading part in the advertising of the Company's stores.

Tree 95 Years Old Bears Apples

Vancouver, Washington, Dec. 18th (Special)—Two apples grown on the famous old apple tree in Vancouver barracks were picked to-day by A. A. Quarnberg. This apple tree is the oldest in Pacific Northwest, if not the United States, having been planted in 1826 by Bruce, the gardener for the Hudson's Bay Trading Company. This makes the apple tree more than ninety-five years old.

The seeds were brought around the Horn in a sailing-vessel by an Hudson's Bay Trading Company official who carried them in a waistcoat pocket. The tailor was cleaning out the pockets and found these apple seeds and he gave them to the gardener who planted them. Many trees were raised. All have died except one.

More than 100 Benefits Paid in 1920

The Hudson's Bay Employees' Welfare Association at Winnipeg Retail continues to flourish despite the many demands made on the "exchequer" during the past twelve months. Upwards of one hundred individual employees have received benefits during 1920 and the Secretary, P. Harrison, reports that the balance in hand at present is larger than at any time since the inception of the plan.

C. H. French Has Long Experience in H.B.C. Fur Trade

British Columbia District Manager Entered Service in Lake Winnipeg District, 1887; Sent to New Caledonia on Important Mission in 1894

By F. S. GARNER

Mr. French in the B.C. District Office

C. H. FRENCH, District Manager of the Company's British Columbia fur trade district, is a man whose experience in the service during 33 years, from Lake Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast and north to Alaska, has excellently fitted him to narrate countless stories of brave adventure and stern duty under the H.B.C. flag in the great Northwest.

Mr. French, though 53, carries his years lightly. True, his hair is grizzled; upon his face is delineated the tale of dangers met and hardships overcome. Yet one would not place his age at over 45, if even that. Seasoned as an oak, with hard and healthful living in a climate which elimintes all but the fittest, Mr. French, now in lovely Victoria, may know at least a measure of the relaxation and joy of living such as is seldom granted the fur trader. The "spring" in his step and the active interest he takes in the life and development of Vancouver Island identify in him a youthful spirit which well might be envied by many men under thirty.

Mr. French was born in Markham township, twelve miles north of Toronto, Ontario, on 23rd July, 1867.

He served a full apprenticeship at printing. Then he acquired a fair knowledge of bread-baking, fishing and sailing, which experience he says stood him in good stead after entering the service.

In 1887 Mr. French joined H.B.C. in the Lake Winnipeg District, doing work of various kinds, one job being the sailing of the boat "Beaver" under Mr. W. J. McLean at Lower Fort Garry, and afterwards Mr. Flett at Fort Alexander.

During this period he brought the body of Chief Factor Belanger in from the lake and delivered it at the Selkirk Roman Catholic Church. The Chief Factor was drowned at Norway House.

Fur Trade Commissioner Wrigley went out of office and while his successor, Mr. C. C. Chipman, was Commissioner, he had the able support of such men as William Clark. It was with William Clark that Mr. French engaged to go to New Caledonia District, British Columbia (March, 1894) to break up a ring that was pilfering merchandise from the Babine, B.C., warehouse. This was successfully accomplished, and Mr. French was given charge of Babine Post, remaining there until 1901, when installed as fur buyer at Victoria, under Mr. James Thomson. He was in charge of that work until February, 1914, when he was made District Manager for British Columbia.

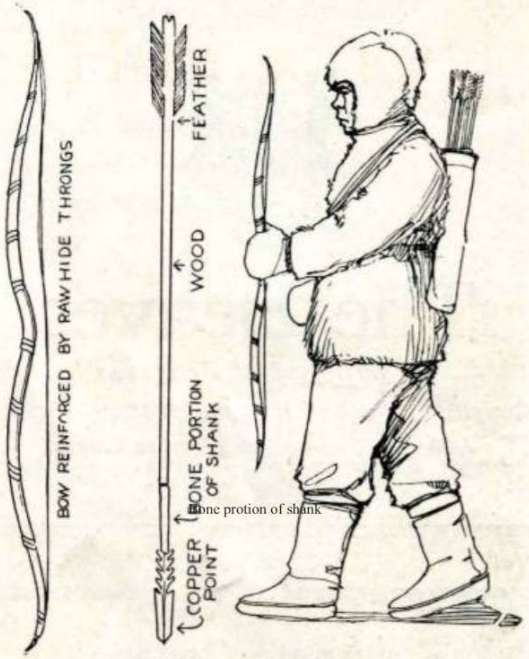
SEND IT IN

If you have a bit of news, send it in.
Or a joke that will amuse, send it in.
A story that is true, an incident that's new,
"We want to hear from you," send it in.
Never mind about your style,
If it's only worth the while, send it in.
Will it make a paragraph? Send it in.
If some good your words can teach,
If some distant reader reach,
If you have a glowing speech, send it in.

MISS D. L. BENS,
Winnipeg Retail

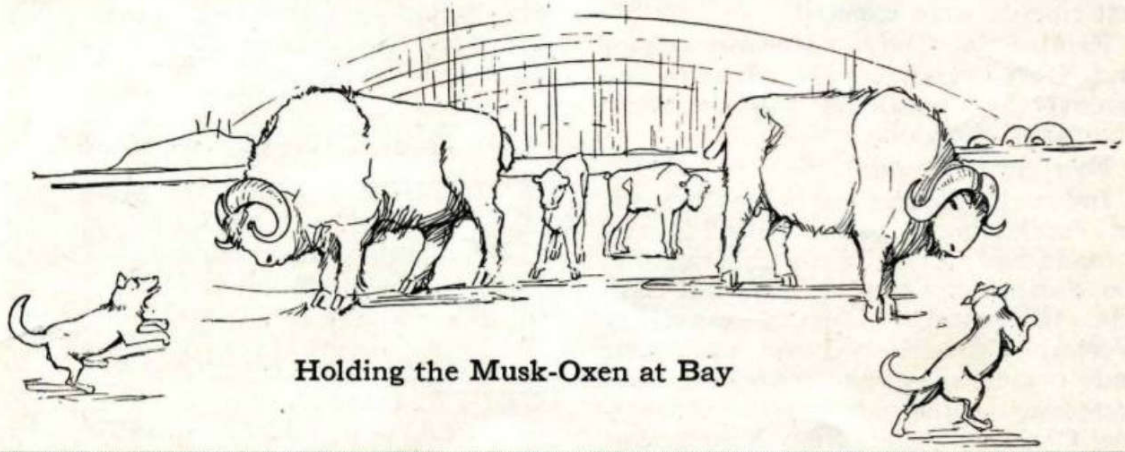
How the Eskimo Hunts the Musk-Ox

Description of Eskimo's method of hunting musk-oxen in the Arctic regions as given by Capt. French, R.N.W.M.P., one of the patrol who went north to investigate the killing of Messrs. Bradbury and Street, sent out by Smithsonian Institute and National Museum at Ottawa.



THE ESKIMO, sighting a small band of musk-oxen—usually a bull, cow and one or two calves—lets loose two or three husky dogs (part dog and part wolf) which encircle the animals. The bull and cow turn their heads towards the dogs, with the calf or calves in the centre, and prepare to give fight. Once the oxen are "anchored," the Eskimos turn loose all their dogs which serve to keep the oxen "anchored" instead of taking to their heels, and proceed themselves with bow and arrows and dispatch the animals.

These musk-oxen are very fierce and warlike animals, hence the necessity of the Eskimo protecting himself with dogs. In the case of a wounded bull charging an Eskimo, the dogs immediately rush to attack it and withdraw its attention from the Eskimo who may thereby find time to string another arrow to his bow and then dispatch it.—*W.E.A.*



Holding the Musk-Oxen at Bay

There'll Be No More Slacker Contributors If They All Read This

Barriere Post, Ontario,

Editor, The "Beaver," Winnipeg.

It is, I think, the duty of all of your readers to wish THE BEAVER a very happy New Year.

You cannot realize what the magazine means to us who live in the silent places far removed from social intercourse with our fellow creatures.

We who have access to such little reading material to interest us in our lonely lives will look forward eagerly to the arrival of THE BEAVER.

And I can assure you that I wish it every success in the years to come, and I trust that all the readers will recognize the fact that it is their bounden duty to contribute either in writing or photographs from time to time.

I think that it is not to our Commissioner alone that we should look for guidance nor to our District Managers, but to our friendly intercourse one with another, which can only be accomplished through the medium of THE BEAVER and I sincerely trust that this friendly intercourse will grow stronger and stronger as the years roll by, and so help to strengthen and firmly cement together the bonds of good fellowship.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Yours obediently,

(Signed) ASHTON ALSTON,

Post Manager.

Issued Every Now and Then in the Interests of Those in the Service of the Hudson's Bay Company

The Beaver

"A Journal of Progress"

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Vol. I JANUARY, 1921 No. 4

Fortunate Canada!

THE big war is all over but the paying. A whole "bale" of little wars, however, have been engaging the attention of the world until recent settlements were effected.

Famine in China. Russian chaos and Irish thunderclouds. Inoculation against the "bolshevik bug" in every quarter of the globe.

Fortunate Canada!

Industrial depression, unemployment and foreboding grips the United States. Canada has had a tinge of this malady, too, during price convulsions—but Canada is sound. Canada—especially Western Canada—is busy, optimistic and possessed of a confidence unbounded. A happier or more prosperous Christmas and New Year's that just past in Canada, never has been.

For twelve months ending October, 1920, Canada's volume of trade was *up five hundred million dollars* over the year previous. Canada is fortunate. To the sweet uses of Peace, she is applying herself assiduously.

The Yankee Balloonists

THE BEAVER refrains from elaborating upon current newspaper reports about the U.S. Navy balloonists who drifted from New York City to Moose Factory and were rescued by H.B.C. men at James Bay—until the report of our Associate Editor at Moose Factory and his photographs have been received. It is expected these will come out to Mattice by next packet, and *The Beaver* will then be able to give authentic details.

Ambition

AMBITIOUS men raise themselves like the tallest trees high above the shrub growth of somnolent spirits and so are "most in the power of the winds of fortune."

Your chance for Success is not lacking as long as the spark of Ambition is alive within you. With some men, Ambition dies between thirty and forty; with others it remains unquenched. Some men have made fortunes and lost them at forty-five, then have turned in and made other fortunes before retiring. Scores of great Successes have been recorded after the age of fifty; cases where Ambition, the "divine discontent," was never downed.

Without Ambition, the fire under the boilers of Industry would die and the pop-valves of Commerce would cease to reveal live power that drives the pistons of progress.

A Martian at the Rink

PICTURE a man from Mars, just descended, as he steps into an H.B.C. curling rink during the ninth "end"—when Scottish excitement is at its hottest. Try to comprehend his bewilderment as he hears frenzied shouts of *"SWEEP, SWEEP, SWEEP 'er up! GET IT across the hog!"* And again —*"out turn, Mac; draw-weight and a wick off this one. Just come TO it!"*

And sweatered, mufflered figures contort themselves in fantastic fox-trots on the ice as they swing mad brooms in the van of the skidding stones.

The grey rocks curl and thump—or twist uncannily to a berth behind guardian stones. *"WE LIE,"* bursts in raucous chorus from steaming throats. "A marvelous confession thinks the man from Mars."

The roarin' game of Cur-r-r-lin' is in full fling at many of the Company's branches. Young and old all become *younger* in a fast and furious "draw."

Buy a broom and a pair of "galoshes" and get on the ice. Forget business, bid dull care begone. Curl ten "ends" and then you'll say "where's that pack of worries that was hounding me this afternoon?"

Egotism

THE large proportion of the human race which is afflicted with "Self Importance" can draw pointed conclusion from the facts that:

(1) Michelson the scientist has discovered an accurate method of measuring the distant stars, by which it is determined that one star in Orion is *twenty-seven trillion times as large as the earth,* and twenty-seven million times as large as the Sun. (It's no use trying to visualize this tremendous planet. Even a *billion* is incomprehensible to the human mind; a *trillion* simply cannot be embraced in our thought.)

(2) Latest available figures indicate that there are about *two billion people living on the Earth,* despite the slaughter of war. We are somewhere in that crowd.

If we ever feel ourselves getting "chesty in the head," let us repress even the faintest stirrings of Egotism, for we're only one in two billion (never would be missed!) riding to an unticketed destination on a "pin-point planet" that swirls every day a million miles nearer to that gigantic sun, *Alpha Orionus* (see it any clear night in the heavens) which is so tremendous in dimension that our poor little earth at the instant of contact would sputter out like a tiny drop of grease on a big stove.

Our Reporters

THE BEAVER should be *all-seeing, all-knowing*—as far as H.B.C. events are concerned. If a single incident which affects the Company or its employees escapes being reported to this journal, we are not fulfilling our mission. If any other publication tells of an H.B.C. event or reports any H.B.C. employees' activities which do not reach *The Beaver—then we're "scooped,"* in the parlance of the press.

You faithful readers of *The Beaver* who daily are giving your time and thought to H.B.C. affairs—*you* are the eyes and ears of this journal. We have a good many "live-wire" reporters, but need more. Let every member of staff take a personal interest in forwarding to *The Beaver* intelligence of every description that might interest H.B.C. people.

The Wanderers

THE lure of exploration has not lost its power since the two main prizes—both Poles—were achieved. Recently it was announced that a considerable number of new expeditions would set out in 1921 to various remote quarters of the globe—one to Baffins Land, one to the north of Siberia, one to Central Africa and so on down the list. Amundsen is now trying to drift across the North Pole.

The Challenge of Discovery ever has greater power than strong drink to inflame the blood of daring men, particularly of the British and Scandinavian races. They will never tire until the last "back-lot" of the earth has been carefully scanned, mapped and staked for science and civilization.

Reputation

A MAN may live a lifetime of virtue and honesty; then by one false step destroy the delicate structure of Reputation which he has so painstakingly constructed.

The *Good Name* of H.B.C. has taken two hundred and fifty years to build. Yet *one year's departure* from H.B.C. ideals and H.B.C. standards would serve to corrode the foundations underlying this priceless Reputation.

When acting or speaking in the name of the Company, employes who appreciate the insecurity of Reputation *think twice before saying or doing anything* that might be adjudged *un-Hudson's Bay.*

The Prize Contest

"HOW I Earned My First Dollar" Contest is stirring up much interest among "old timers" in the ranks. First letters are beginning to come in. Please do not delay in sending the facts about your early start. Two hundred words are enough to give the main details—and are soon written.

Some People in the East and the West are Whimpering and Whining!

Pessimistic over the outlook for spring business.

Some people think the bottom has fallen out of things, when the fact is things are as good as ever they were. Only that with the getting back into the condition that prevailed before the war prices are falling, and many people have contracted a fever which was very prevalent in the States a short time ago called Pessimania.

We've Got to Do Our Part to Create a Spirit of Optimism, for if we all join the army of pessimists, it's going to be bad for ourselves, bad for the Company, and bad for the country too. *Besides, we have every reason to be optimistic and here are the reasons*—First, there is the good news of lower prices on nearly all kinds of goods, and people who have been doing without can now buy freely again. Second, the government has abolished the undesirable luxury tax. Encourage your customers and friends to buy now, for prices cannot jump down below what they are now for the spring, and the more they buy the more it will add prosperity to the country. No country's prosperity was ever built up on fear, but faith. The low prices are here now. People have money for necessities and we must do our part by talking and thinking hopefully for the coming spring. That's it! Have you ever stopped to think of the wonderful power of thought. Like the pebble dropped in the lake, ever widening in circles, your tiny thought of hopefulness and helpfulness will have an ever-widening effect. Every word that you say with belief behind it stimulates other people to be optimistic, and so your influence increases. This is what makes *power.*

Every added sale that we make will not only increase our own record but it will add its quota to the prosperity of Canada.

Let everybody think good times, talk good times, and buy for good times' sake, then the ranks of the unemployed will melt before the sunshine of prosperity!

Won't we make a resolution to start being *peptimists* to-day?—*F. S. Garner.*

MOTTOE FOR YE NEWE YEARE

Modernized by A. Seymour
H.B.C. Post, D-14

There arre noe Byrdes
In Nexte Yeare's Neste.
In Nexte Yeare's Creame
There arre no Flyes.
Noe Vaine Regrettes
Disturb my Breaste
For Aught yt in
Ye Futurre lyes
Ande Laste Yeare's Flyes
Ande Laste Yeare's Byrdes
Arre paste ye reache
Of Tearres ande Wordes. ? ? ? ?
—Chaucer.

START THE NEW YEAR WELL

by joining the vast and ever increasing multitude of those who find in Life Insurance the one sure way of protecting dependent ones—while making timely provision for their own future at the same time.

Join the ever increasing number who have found, in the Policies of The Great-West Life Assurance Company, all that can be desired in profitable Life Insurance.

Thus you will obtain protection at low cost, and will secure a share in the remarkable profits that are being paid to Policyholders of

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D. 30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG**

C. W. Veysey Always Pushed the Work—Never Let It Push Him

General Manager of Winnipeg Wholesale Developed Himself So Consistently With H. B. C. at Vancouver That He Was Called to Fill a Big Man's Shoes

By A. BROCK, *Associate Editor*

THE career of Mr. C. W. Veysey Manager H.B.C. Wholesale, Winnipeg, furnishes an excellent example of the Company's appreciation of, and reward for, faithful service and ability to apply one's business acumen in the Company's interests.

A Nova Scotian Who Early Came West

Born in the little town of North Sidney, Nova Scotia, of English parentage, Mr. Veysey was privileged to spend the first years of his life in that country and community which produced so many of the leading business men now in the West.

When he was thirteen his parents decided to move to British Columbia. They arrived in Vancouver in October, 1888.

C. W. VEYSEY, Esq.
General Manager, Wholesale Department

A few years spent at the west end and Central Schools, Vancouver, brought Mr. Veysey to that stage where he decided that it was about time he was learning to paddle his own canoe.

Began Business Life in B.C. Refinery

The B.C. Sugar Refinery was the scene of his first labors, given in exchange for what at that time seemed the magnificent remuneration of $12 per month, with the promised reward of an increase to $15 in three months, providing the service he rendered was satisfactory to his employer.

It is interesting to recall that the Company's present general manager at Vancouver, Mr. H. T. Lockyer, was at that time also connected with the B.C. Refinery in the capacity of accountant; and Mr. Veysey was fortunate in forming a friendship in those days which later proved to be a source of great help when the experience and assistance of an "older head" were needed to straighten out, oftimes, the rough business road he had to travel.

Joined H.B.C. Service in 1896

A period of five years, however, completed Mr. Veysey's connection with the refinery. During this time Mr. Lockyer had entered the H.B.C. service as accountant and perhaps in view of the association begun at the refinery it was not strange that an opportunity should shortly present itself enabling Mr. Veysey also to join the Company's service. On 1st November, 1896, he commenced his duties in the Vancouver office.

Mr. E. J. Cuchinay was the Company's accountant at Vancouver at that time, but on account of ill health was being transferred to one of the Company's steamers as purser. Consequently, his position at Vancouver had to be filled.

Mr. Lockyer Got Him a New Job

Feeling, as Shakespeare says, that there is a "tide in the affairs of men," Mr. Veysey decided to approach Mr. Lockyer (who by this time had attained the position of general manager) and ascertain if he could not be allowed to show his ability for the position.

Mr. Lockyer informed him that *he had already wired* Commissioner Chipman, recommending his appointment and showed him the wire. Mr. Veysey experienced anxious days while awaiting the reply from Winnipeg; but eventually word was received approving the appointment.

Mr. Lockyer Gave Him Lesson in Self-Reliance

Perhaps a little incident that occurred soon after Mr. Veysey's appointment will be appreciated by a great many of the present aspiring accountants of the Company. The time of the month had arrived when the famous "Form 20" had to be compiled and with the help of Mr. Lockyer this task was successfully accomplished. The next month, however, the young accountant found not a little difficulty in completing this form unassisted. He thought of Mr. Lockyer's kindly assistance the previous month and again approached the general manager for help; but much to Mr. Veysey's surprise, he was met with the reply, "Why, Charlie, I showed you how to do that last month. Go back and do it." And back he went, and what is more important, *he did it*. Mr. Veysey often remarks that that was one of the best turns Mr. Lockyer ever did him.

Handled Big Business During Yukon Rush

Mr. Veysey has many pleasant reminiscences of the days of the Yukon rush and what it meant to Vancouver. H.B.C. business was so great at that time that it meant working every night until midnight for five months. Mr. Lockyer will also remember this strenuous time, as he bore his share with the rest. Midnight would often come and find him still on the job.

Promoted to Assistant Managership

Promotion again was the order of the day, and Mr. Veysey was made assistant general manager at Vancouver. In 1908, however, he was approached by Messrs. Kelly Douglas and Company to join their firm as credit office manager, which position he filled until 1913, when he was asked by the Hudson's Bay Company to go to Winnipeg in the capacity of general manager of the Depot and Wholesale Branch, which had been rendered vacant by the death of that valued servant of the Company, Mr. G. W. Cochrane.

Became Wholesale General Manager

Mr. Veysey arrived in Winnipeg in July, 1913, and immediately applied himself diligently to the task of building up a wholesale business which should be second to none in the West. It was by no means an easy task, but perseverance eventually prevailed and H.B.C. Winnipeg Wholesale has registered great gains. Since Mr. Veysey's appointment at Winnipeg, wholesale branches of the Company have been established at Saskatoon and Regina, Saskatchewan, under his management. The H.B.C. candy factory, at Winnipeg, owes its inception to his efforts for expansion of the Company's business.

Serves Fur Trade and Stores Efficiently

One of his greatest ambitions has been to operate the depot so efficiently that the service given both to the fur trade posts and retail stores would be as near perfect as it was possible to make it. The Company's many district managers and store managers all over Canada acknowledge and appreciate the efforts which have been put forward in this direction by Mr. Veysey's organization.

Amongst the staff it may be said without fear of contradiction no man could be held in higher esteem than Mr. Veysey. Exacting, but human, he is and always ready to lend a helping hand. Having climbed up from the foot of the ladder himself he believes in employes' earning every step of their advancement, but he is always prepared to recognize and reward merit where demonstrated.

Mr. Veysey Always Active in Sports

In the world of sport, Mr. Veysey is an ardent devotee of the ancient and honourable game of golf, and many predict that some day the Burbidge cup will be seen reposing in his office. Mr. Veysey also takes a wholesome interest in curling. His enthusiasm and ability as a "skip" usually helps place his rink "on top of the league" at the wholesale.

Rupert's House Notes

Staff Changes

J. S. C. WATT, late in charge of Fort Chimi, succeeds Mr. A. Nicolson, retired.

R. J. SHERLAW, late in charge of Mistassinny Post, to charge of Rupert's House Post.

A. BREBNER, of Aberdeen, Scotland, apprentice clerk.

Mistassinny Post

F. McLEOD, late clerk at Albany Post, succeeds R. J. Sherlaw in charge of Mistassinny Post.

Woswanaby Post

H. HAWKINS, late clerk at Rupert's House, succeeds D. M. Stuart, in charge of Woswanaby Post.

MR. STUART left on board the S.S. "Nascopie," for a holiday in England.

Buffalo River Post News

WE have had considerable sickness among the people of this district but are glad to say that only a few are now incapacitated. A considerable number died during last summer.

MR. J. M. CUMINES, manager of H.B.C. Buffalo River, recently made a very pleasant trip to Toronto, to visit his mother, who was ill.

Lamson Hubbard Canadian Fur Company have opened their new store at Buffalo River. (*But H.B.C. is still here doing business.*)

B.C. District Office News

MR. AND MRS. C. H. FRENCH received congratulations on the birth of a fine daughter on December 1st.

MR. F. B. WOMBWELL, B.C. District accountant, returned from a visit to Mayo Brothers, Rochester, Minn.

DURING the past month the H.B.C. Victoria office has had the pleasure of visits from:

Captain Evan J. Edwards, of Montreal, H.M. Senior Trade Commissioner in Canada and Newfoundland; Mr. L. B. Beale, of Winnipeg, His Majesty's Trade Commissioner, Department of Overseas Trade, London; Captain Louis Knaflich, of the Kuskokwim Fishing and Transportation Company, from whom the Hudson's Bay Company chartered the "Ruby" for Western Arctic District; Captain J. Bernard.

Requires Long Trip to Inspect B.C. Posts

TO those of our readers who are "city folk" or whose travel is limited, the following might prove interesting:

To make an inspection trip to the Hudson's Bay Company's Posts in British Columbia District alone a distance of 3758 miles must be covered as follows:

404 miles by trails.
974 miles by rivers.
56 miles by lake.
80 miles by automobile.
976 miles by railroad.
1268 miles by steamboat.

A Seaplane Visits Moose Factory

AUGUST 27, 1920, will be well remembered by the natives of Moose Island, as it marks the arrival of the first air machine to any H.B.C. post in James Bay district.

A high-pitched, droning noise heralded the approach of the machine; and soon the 'plane came into view, flying at an altitude of about three thousand feet. A fine sight it was to see the great bird coming nearer, suddenly "bank," and, with a great flash of silver, as the sun's rays glinted on the tilted planes, it nose-dived and planed down to the "landing" stretch of water, which had been previously marked with a buoy and red flag. This channel of deep water runs between Moose Island and a smaller island, the river at this point being of delta formation.

Meanwhile the inhabitants and the Company's staff had gathered on the bank, the latter all armed with cameras. A canoe shot out from the river side and the airmen were soon exchanging greetings with us.

The seaplane to the Indians was a matter of great mystery and for long bands of them stood gazing at the craft which the white men had handled so dexterously.

During their subsequent trips to their base near Cochrane they very kindly carried our outward mails.

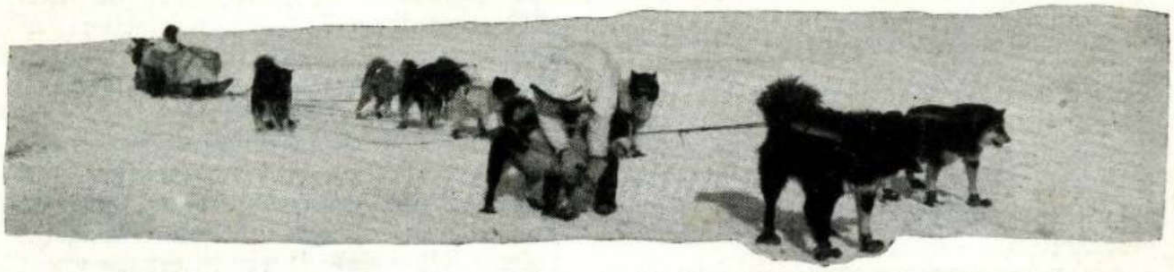
The object of the seaplane's journey was the recording by motion pictures the life and customs of the inhabitants of northern Canada.—*G.F.*

FAMOUS TRIPS BY H.B.C. DOG TEAMS

107 Miles from Dawn to Dark

By H. M. S. COTTER, *Cumberland House*

IN the year 1896 I was in charge of H.B.C. Northwest River Post on the Labrador. It was customary for the post managers to assemble annually at district headquarters which at that time was located at Rigolet on the coast. This council was usually held in April on a specified date. Rigolet is ninety-two miles from Northwest River by the winter trail. The trip occupies two days as a rule, and when we left the Post it was the intention as usual *to run the first fifty miles and camp* for the night at a place named the Lowlands.



The feet of the dogs are protected by deerskin moccasins from laceration on sharp edges of the ice

We had the ordinary length of sled or "komatik," which is about twelve feet long and weighs about a hundred pounds. We carried a load of about six hundred pounds, which in that part of the country is considered light.

We left the Post at 4.30 a.m. April 7th, 1896, just before dawn. The sky was somewhat overcast and a light wind was blowing from Southwest. The travelling was good, particularly in the early morning, as the melted snow of the previous day had dried up during the night.

Our nine dogs were in the very pink of condition. They displayed a fierce eagerness to reach the sealing grounds, nine miles below the Post.

"Lieutenant" was the leader's name, and second leader, "Friday." Both these dogs were famous as seal hunters. There was "nothing on four legs," it was claimed, ever approached them either in respect of speed or ability to scent seals at long distance. After we reached the sealing grounds the team broke into a mad pace. No sooner had they run down one batch of seals than the leaders would scent others long before they were visible. In this way the speed of the whole team was maintained at a high rate.

As the local saying was, the dogs were "seal mad" and getting out of hand. I had been over these sealing grounds many times, but never had seen so many seals as on this day. Around the seal or blowing holes they were not in large numbers, but along the cracks which opened across the bay and ran for fifteen or twenty miles, the seals were literally in thousands. It was good sport chasing them. We stopped several times and speared four, adding about three hundred pounds to our load. But this seemed to make no difference in the speed of the dogs.

Finally we got into the Lowlands just before noon, having covered fully sixty-five miles of our journey. As it was yet early and the dogs appeared fresh as when they started, we decided after having a light lunch, to go on to the next stopping place seventeen miles below. The going was excellent and we did the first twelve miles in ninety minutes; but coming to rough and hummocky ice we had to bear in towards the shore to get around it. The wind had swept the rocks clean of snow. Just as we got on land some caribou appeared across our course immediately ahead. Well, talk about dogs moving! Their former speed seemed slow in comparison. They raced over the naked rocks like wolves. I remember looking behind and seeing a stream of fire flying from the steel shoeing of the sledge like a shower of sparks from a high-speed emery wheel. The caribou moved off into the valley

and we had a tough job to get the team onto the ice again. Here we came in sight of more seals. Off we went again from our course and past the stopping place we had planned; so we decided to go right on to our destination. *We arrived at Rigolet before 8 p.m.*

The Postmanagers came out and greeted us warmly, remarking however that we had made slow time, arriving so late in the evening. *They thought we had left the previous day.* When I announced that we had left only that morning they said "like—— you did." We had lost two hours, but in the fourteen and a half hours we had been actually travelling we had covered a hundred and seven miles. I am not claiming this is a record, but it is one of the fastest trips ever made by an H.B.C. dog team with full load.

Editor's Note—Mr. James Fraser, who later became H.B.C. District Manager in Esquimaux Bay, made the trip from Rigolet to Northwest River in one day on a previous occasion, but as he lost a twenty-eight pound keg of white lead on the way up much of the glory vanished. The foregoing is the first of a series of authentic stories which The Beaver plans to carry in a regular department which may be styled the "Dog Column"—just plain DOG. Men of the Hudson's Bay: bestir your "recollection equipment" and let us know if you have a better dog story than Mr. Cotter's. Particularly are we expecting to hear from J. J. G. Rosser, of Isle a la Crosse, and Ashton Alston, of Barriere, both famous "dog skinners."

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HAUNTS OF CANADA'S FUR-BEARING ANIMALS

I.

THE BEAVER

(*Continued from last Issue*)

THEY have their young during June. When one year old they have two or three only, the next year as many as six, but in after years the average number is four. The young stay with their parents for two years and in the third year they leave and make a home or mate with others who are making homes for themselves. Under the old unwritten laws of the Indians, a trap must not be set closer than two hundred yards from a house, because the young beaver never go that far away from home, therefore only the two years and older ones would be caught.

Method of Drowning Beaver

Owing to their custom of immediately using their teeth on anything that interferes with their liberty, a trap must be set in such a way that the animal drowns or he will in a very few seconds cut his imprisoned foot off close to the shoulder. The system of drowning is as simple as it is effective. Every trap chain has a ring on the end of it and is usually set on the edge of fairly deep water with the chain ring over a stick that has about half an inch of each branch left on, and has been shoved in the mud out in deep water. The first thing the beaver does when caught is to spring out into the water, taking of course train and trap with him, and the ring easily and naturally slips down the pole and when it reached the bottom immediately checks the flight of the beaver and does not allow him to even come to the surface again. Consequently, he is drowned in a very few moments. Ordinarily he can stay under water for about ten minutes, but when excited and fighting as he would do when caught, will drown quickly.

Beaver Tail Useful Implement

The beaver uses its tail to steer with while swimming and to carry the mud necessary to construct his house. He will scratch a little pile of earth up with his fore paws, then turn around and scoop his tail under the loose mud, holding it stiff and straight out behind

Two fine, fat, 35 pound beaver

on the level of the water while he swims off to where building operations are going on.

How the Beaver Stores Food

The beaver's winter store of food is not put too close to the house, but usually a considerable distance off; sometimes in deep water in the middle of a pond or under a bank where the water is too deep to freeze to the bottom. Sticks of cottonwood, cut as large as can conveniently be handled, are pulled or even carried on their shoulders while they walk in an upright position to the water, then floated to the spot selected. These sticks are not shoved into the mud as has often been stated, but are piled up or built up just as we would build a raft—the first layer lying one way, and the second layer crossways on top, each layer having all crevices filled up with mud until the larder is sufficient for his winter's needs, and is weighed down level with the top of the water. When he starts to draw from this store, he pulls a stick out from the bottom and takes it off to his tunnel leading to the bank close by his house where meals are served.

Easy To Approach Beaver From Windward Side

Animals usually can detect the approach of danger if it comes from the windward side. The beaver is not an exception, but one can be within a few feet of them when the wind is blowing in the opposite direction, and they fail to get the scent. For example, an Indian wanted a beaver to eat and as just before camping for the night he had passed some cuttings only a little way back on the trail, he decided to go back after dark and see what luck there was for him. He was careful to approach the workings from the windward side and after listening attentively he could hear a beaver cutting trees up on the hill side above him. He selected a sheltered spot in some brush on the windward side of the slide or the road that was used by the beaver to skid down the cut wood. Presently along came the animal, struggling with a large piece of cottonwood. The Indian waited until after the beaver had passed him, then reached out and caught the stick, holding it firmly, and as soon as the beaver was satisfied that it was caught it walked back with the intention of cutting it loose only to get hit on the head with a stick and killed by the Indian.

The Beaver a Castorum Factory

Both male and female have a pair of glands lying lengthways on the inside of the skin at the lower extremities, which does not appear to be controlled as other organs are, but are emptied with the hand by a downward pressure. The secretion contained in these two bags is a solid from which oil is extracted and is completely emptied once each year. Close by every house a handful of dry grass is gathered up and the castorum deposited, then a few tailfuls of mud are put on top of it. What this is done for I am not certain but think it is like a challenge or a sign that all trespassers will have to fight. When the bags are emptied in the fall the beaver visit jackpine forests and eat largely of the gum, I am told by the Indians, for the purpcse of replenishing the castorum supply, and this is likely true, because the odor and character of the deposit is not unlike pine gum. Castorum has a peculiar attraction for all wild animals, and the Indians put it to account by using it as a trap scent. Another advantage is has is that though an oil substance it is of such a nature that when rubbed on iron traps and set under water it will not leave the trap and float up like all other oil substances will do. Commercially it is used as a body in perfumes, likely also on account of its being able to retain the perfume for such a long time.

(To be continued)

G. L. Bellingham Won Way From Clerkship in Land Dept.

Assistant Land Commissioner—A Man to Whom Accuracy is Next to Godliness—Has Earned Continuous Promotion Through 18 Years.

By B. A. EVERITT, *Associate Editor*

MR. G. L. BELLINGHAM, assistant to the land commissioner, hails from Wales but he has been so long in Canada and has for so many years dealt with H.B.C. farm lands that he knows his adopted country possibly better than his native soil. Mr. Bellingham is so intimately in touch with the Company's widespread land holdings that he can almost tell one the value, topography, the soil and the tonnage of wild hay on any H.B.C. parcel out of several thousand dotted over the prairie maps.

Likes to See a "Square Deal" All Round

Mr. Bellingham is keen, active and earnest, with a typical British temperament, which often reminds one that he is a fighting man all through—prepared to hold his own in any transaction. Those who know him best admire his faculty for getting at the "root of things" quickly and his insistence on absolute justice being meted out to all concerned.

Insists on Clear Understanding

Any arrangement made with Mr. Bellingham could not possibly be misunderstood or confused. His mastery of details and clearcut registering of all salient points—always followed by a careful recapitulation—makes issues unforgettable, whether the occasion be the sale of a section of land or the arrangement of a curling match. He is as careful in even the most unimportant dealings as if making a legal contract.

Mr. Bellingham was born at Newport, Monmouthshire, Wales, June 17th, 1875. Educated in London and North of England, he entered a Lancashire stockbroker's office in 1889, where he remained for two years. For ten years, subsequently, he was in the employ of the town council, resigning the position of assistant secretary in 1902, to embark for Canada.

Has a Try at Tilling the Soil

The desire to get "back to the land" had got a strong hold upon him, and Canada's great West presented the most alluring prospects to the young and adventurous agriculturist.

One week of the farm's hard labor sufficed. Mr. Bellingham's illusions of the joy of currying the prairies as a means of enticing wealth broke and died as the proverbial bubble. His first farm job was either too "hefty" for Mr. Bellingham or he was not powerful enough for it.

Joined H.B.C. as Clerk in 1902

In Winnipeg, May 16th, 1902, he applied for and obtained a junior position in the Company's land department, of which Mr. Montague Aldous was chief clerk and Mr. C. C. Chipman, Commissioner.

Faithful Effort Gains Promotions

Mr. Bellingham applied himself earnestly to learning all there was to know about land and H.B.C. methods of doing business. He was assigned one duty after another and, as his good work

came to the notice of his superiors, "graduated" from each new position to a better one. To-day, he is assistant to the land commissioner, Mr. H. F. Harman.

When the Company's Edmonton townsite sale of 1912 was inaugurated, Mr. Bellingham was chosen to take charge of the Edmonton branch, in which capacity he remained until June, 1916, being then recalled to Winnipeg to deputize for the assistant land commissioner during the latter's absence in France.

WHAT HAPPENED AT MOOSE FACTORY DURING SUMMER AND FALL, 1920

Extracts from the Post Journal from Entries by J. L. Gaudet, Post Manager

July 1st—Our steamer, the "Inenew," left this morning on her first trip to Charlton Island, taking the District staff to the island for the summer, as this is our summer distributing point. Dr. Stewart and Rev. W. G. Walton were passengers.

July 6th—The steamer returned with a cargo for Moose Factory of Charlton Depot stock. The steamer returned to Charlton with a load of lumber which I am shipping to the Straits.

July 14th—The steamer returned with her second cargo from Charlton, and took another load of lumber for the Strait Posts. Mr. Johansen of the Biological Branch of the Naval Department of the Canadian Government, was a passenger on his way to Fort George. Mr. Fred McLeod and family were also passengers on their way to Woswonaby Post. Mr. McLeod is going there in the capacity of Post Manager.

July 21st—Mr. F. D. Wilson arrived here to-day with two apprentice clerks, Messrs. Beveridge and Findlay, both from Aberdeen, Scotland.

Aug. 3rd—Mr. Aurey, the government treaty paymaster, arrived here on his annual trip, paying treaty to the Indians. Mr. Aurey is assisted by Dr. Baker.

Aug. 10th—Mr. Russell and family, Mr. John Louttit and family, arrived with the schooner "Fort George." These gentlemen are on their way out to civilization. Mr. Russell was in charge of Fort George Post.

Aug. 14th—Mr. Romanet, general fur trade inspector, arrived here with Mrs. Romanet and two children. Mr. Romanet says he is here on an official visit from the Fur Trade Commissioner's Office. Inspector Phillips and Sergt. Joy, of the R.C.M. Police, also arrived today. They are on their way to the Belcher Islands to investigate some Eskimo murder case.

Aug. 17th—A large seaplane, "The Caaz," with Capt. Maxwell as pilot and Mr. Doan as engineer, landed here this afternoon. This is the first flying machine to come to Moose Factory and was quite a sight for our Indians.

Aug. 19th—The general inspector left on the schooner "Fort George" for Charlton Island this morning at 7 o'clock. A canoe carrying the ship's papers and two apprentice clerks, Mr. Gregory and Mr. Bremner, arrived at 1 p.m., just a few hours late to catch the schooner which I was holding for that purpose, so I had to get busy and send off out hayboat with this mail to Charlton Island.

Aug. 23rd—The seaplane landed here to-day on her second trip from Remy Lake, which is a few miles from Cochrane, with two moving picture men, Mr. Blake and Mr. Tash. They claim that they are being sent by the Ontario Government to take pictures.

Aug. 26th—We had a visit from Capt. Mack to-day. He came with our schooner "Fort Charles" from Charlton Island, and states that they had a hard and trying trip coming through the Straits. Mr. and Mrs. Maver were also passengers. Mr. Maver is our worthy Post Manager at Great Whale River and is on his way out to civilization on a few months' leave.

Aug. 27th—The seaplane "Caaz" brought us some newspapers from Cochrane, dated Aug. 25th, with the latest news.

Aug. 31st—We have at last managed to extinguish the bush fire which was started by the Rev. Mr. Haythornthwaite on the 25th inst., after working day and night since it started. This will be quite a relief to the many families who are still camped across the river, as they were afraid to come back.

Sept. 2nd—Our steamer "Inenew" landed here to-day with our District Manager, Mr. Rackham, Mr. Romanet, the general inspector, Mr. Griffith, manager of Albany Post, who is acting as private secretary to the general inspector, Messrs. Blake and Tash, movie men, and the Rev. Mr. Walton were passengers. The seaplane "Caaz" also arrived from Remy Lake with Mr. Griffin, representing the Toronto *Star*, as passenger.

Sept. 21st—Mr. A. Nicolson and family arrived this evening from Rupert's

House, after a hard and trying trip around the coast. Mr. Nicolson has been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company for forty years. It is with much regret that we see Mr. Nicolson severing his active services with the good old Company.

Sept. 23rd—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Anderson and child landed here to-day after spending a few months' holiday in civilization. Mr. Anderson is on his way to his Post, which is Attawapiskat.

Oct. 1st—The steamer "Inenew" landed here to-day with the District Office staff and the balance of our outfit. This finishes our season's transport.

Oct. 7th—Capt. G. R. Redfearn, A. Guibeau, engineer, Inspector Phillips, Sergt. Joy, Mr. Johansen and Mr. Sainsbury left this morning for Clute.

Oct. 9th—Hauled out the S.S. "Inenew" to winter quarters and stored away the hauling gear.

Oct. 27th—Packet canoes returned from the line to-day and by them received the first issue of our magazine, *The Beaver*.

Oct. 29th—Mr. G. R. Ray, fur trade inspector, and Mr. J. B. Neil arrived here to-day at mid day.

Nov. 10th—The river is frozen over, and hardly any snow on the ground as yet We are having fine weather.—J. L. Gaudet, Post Manager.

The Ghost is Foiled in Lac Seul's Haunted Room

By R. O. OTTEN

IT was Christmas at Lac Seul Post, that historic place, well known to men of the North. Quite a number of the Outpost managers had come in to spend Christmas with the Post Manager and his family. The last to arrive was Mr. R. He had travelled over 200 miles by dog team and cariole to get there. After the hand-shaking was over, Mr. M., the Post Manager, drew Mr. R. aside and asked if he believed in ghosts. Mr. R. laughed and said he didn't believe in any kind of spirits, except the kind they used to have at Christmas in the old days, but wanted to know what the joke was. The Post Manager told him that he had only one room left vacant, and nobody had slept in that room for years as it was supposed to be haunted.

The story was that on two different occasions at the usual Christmas gathering of the Outpost managers, there had been tragic endings to several guests who had occupied that room. Both had died from having their throats cut from ear to ear—and no one had slept there since. Mr. R. said he didn't believe in such nonsense as ghosts, and wanted to be shown to the room, as he wanted to get a shave and clean-up before dinner. He said any kind of a room would look good to him after sleeping in the snow for the past week.

The Post Manager showed him to the room which was situated at the rear of the large dwelling house, away from the rest of the guests. Mr. R. had just laid out his "glad rags" and was commencing to shave—he had the razor in his hand—when a feeling came over him that *he was not alone in the room*. Looking into the mirror, he was horrified to see there the reflection of a horrible face peering over his shoulder. He felt his wrist grasped by a claw-like hand. His hand was being forced slowly up and up, towards his throat. Mr. R. tried to call out for help, but he was powerless to utter a sound. The hand was still forcing the razor towards his victim's throat, then it started to draw it across. Mr. R. gave himself up for lost, when he felt the grip on his wrist loosen and a baffled expression came over the horrible face. That ghost was up against modern science. *Mr. R. was using a safety razor.*

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT OFFICE NEWS

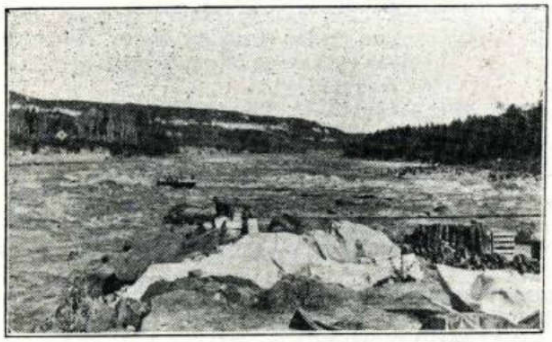
CONGRATULATIONS would appear to be in order for Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, of Fort a la Corne Post, and their daughter Norah on the success attained by the latter at the recent St. Alban's College (Prince Albert) term examinations. The following is a quotation from the local paper:

"Miss Norah Armstrong, the gold medalist of the year at St. Alban's college, Prince Albert, holds an enviable record in the college. Miss Armstrong has been a student at St. Alban's for the past four years, taking her grade 8 diploma in 1917. She was successful in passing her junior matriculation examination in June, and now holds the St. Alban's scholarship to the University of Saskatchewan. In addition to her marked progress in her studies, Miss Armstrong has found time to distinguish herself along athletic lines, having won the tennis cup in singles, and also with Miss Phyllis Clarke in the doubles."

"SKIPPERING A SCOW" ON THE ATHABASCA

(Continued from last number)

By N. A. Howland



WHEN the men in the scow realized their position they did not shout frenziedly for help. To them the most important business of the moment was to get a smoke.

They Smoked While Facing Death

The *frenzied* people were all on shore. Under the calming influence of tobacco, the wrecked crew surveyed the damage. The boat was intact though leaking a little. It was impossible for them to extricate themselves. Even if any of them could swim, an attempt to make the shore would have proved fatal. They relied on us. Their hope was founded on a rock as surely as their craft.

Getting Ready for the Rescue

It was not long ere some of the sixty odd men, at Mr. Cornwall's direction, on the island had run to the warehouse to get rope. Fortunately being on the scene, he took matters in hand, and as soon as the necessary tackle had been brought, essayed to rescue the endangered crew. The only way that this could be done was to get a line aboard the scow and pull her off. The distance from shore was too great to permit of a rope being thrown, but there was a rock standing well out of the water about half way between, from which it might be possible to hurl a stick; so Cornwall, taking a club in his hand to which was attached a long cord held by the men on shore, started to work his way out to the vantage point through the rock-studded stream, struggling from boulder to boulder, the swirling water gripping and tearing at his legs in an effort to sweep him away.

Fighting the Torrent

To the tense crowd of men watching it seemed impossible that he could attain his object, but in spite of the great physical strain slowly and surely the figure—now waist deep in the current, now pulling himself up on to a rock, clinging always to the meagre support with a tenacity that the raging torrent could not break—reached its goal.

Getting A Line Aboard the Wreck

A sense of relief came to those who watched, but not for long. He rested for a moment to recover his breath; then cooly gathering the small rope into a coil he made the first throw. A gasp went up from the crowd on shore. The distance was too great; the stick hit the water fully twenty feet short. Again and again the attempt failed. Sometimes the missile fell so close that the rope could almost be reached but they had no boat-hook aboard. The thrower could not stand up with good footing to do his work, but from a precarious position threw with arms alone. He rested, tired by his exertions. Suddenly he gathered all his strength and at imminent hazard of hurling himself into the river sent the stick with unerring aim over its mark.

We Pulled the Scow Off the Rock

A mighty cheer went up from all the watchers. It was but a moment's work to haul in the cable and make it fast to the end of the scow; every available man on shore found a place on the line, and pulled with might and main to the cry of "Yo heave ho!" that she creaked in every seam and her square end was drawn bow-shaped under the strain on that fragile rope. Pull as we might, our efforts to dislodge her were unavailing. Something had to give, however. It was the line which parted with a snap, hurling us to the ground. A groan went up from those in danger, for in a moment they fell from the highest hope to the lowest depth of despair. They were in worse plight than before, but steadfastly the business of renewing communication with the scow proceeded with without delay. Cornwall's efforts were again crowned with success. Little by little our task was accomplished and we were gratified to see the men who were in the water scramble

aboard in great haste, as with a rousing cheer we let go the cable.

A Tenderfoot Spectator

When we had first arrived at the head of the rapids the previous day, a little man with a large outfit was found encamped on the river bank unable to proceed any further, waiting for something or somebody to turn up. Ten days had passed before help arrived. He had been brought hither by a gasoline engine and canoe, his only companions so far as is known being two spaniels. This gentleman styled himself a prospector ostensibly bound for Fond-du-Lac to investigate the silver strike there; but his proceedings and appearance belied the assertion, for if there were a man who should not have left the shelter of the paternal wings, it was he. The impression gained was that he was one of those helpless useless atoms of humanity that are misfits anywhere, but in the North, where one must be self-reliant, doubly out of place. He having arranged with Mr. Cornwall for a "lift" from there to Fort McMurray, lay all day on his bedding in the sand surrounded by his goods and chattels, playing with his dogs, bestirring himself only to take a photograph occasionally or get a bite to eat.

Fondled His Spaniels and Looked On

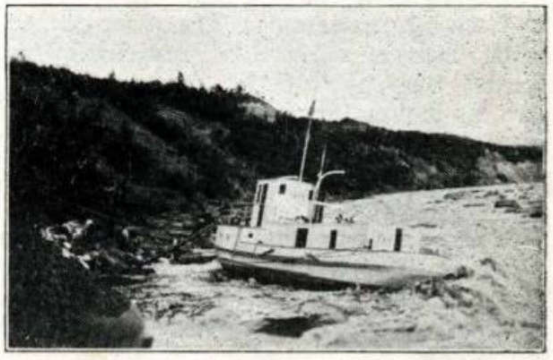
He was apparently oblivious to the tragedy being enacted within a hundred yards of him. This man called down upon himself the contempt and scorn of all men present by remaining inert, lazily fondling his spaniels whilst men's lives trembled in the balance. His hand upon the rope would not perhaps have helped much, but we should at least have known that he was a man. The sequel to his apathy was that next day he was deposited on the main land below the rapids and where it was intimated to him that his company was no longer desirable.

An All Night Mosquito Raid

Whether fired by a spirit of recklessness by the events of the day, or whether the writer was too tired to return to his camp on the mainland with the men is of little consequence, but be it known that his mosquito-bar was there. Needless to say, the mosquitoes were victorious. We needed no alarm clock that morning because the enemy forced me out of bed during the night to upbraid myself for a fool. Not a wink of sleep for me as a result; however, we got an early breakfast out of it.

The Tug "Crester" Wrecked

My Russians were making good progress removing the rails, the freight having been all portaged, and the scows run through the previous day were being drawn up to the Island and reloaded. About 10 o'clock Captain Barber started to run the tug "Crester" through the rapids without steam, steering with auxiliary in case of accident. Disaster dogged the footsteps of the railroad party apparently. Nothing had gone well so far. The climax had arrived. Those who were watching the river gave a shout. All eyes went to the rapid immediately; there was the "Crester" shooting down through the roughest of the water well over on the land side, out of control. We learned later that her rudder had been smashed. We saw her take a few bad bumps from a distance of two hundred yards; then with a final heave she seemed to be lifted bodily and dashed on the rocks close inshore where she lay a wreck with her bottom stove in, broadside to the current with the waves breaking over her.



The "Crester" Dismantled

There were no casualties. With the aid of spars, the crew were easily able to make the land. It was the middle of the afternoon before it was possible for me to go over and see the tug. In the space of six hours the captain, engineer and boatmen had her completely dismantled and all her "innards" ashore, whilst preparations were being made to pull her off and float her down the rest of the way into the Big Eddy, where she could be patched up.

(To be continued)

Moose Island Afire

Clergyman's Bonfire Grows Into Conflagration, Threatening H.B.C. Post and Natives' Homes

BY GEO. FINDLAY, Moose Factory

A Journal extract, dated August 25th, 1920, states briefly that:

> "The Rev. Mr. Haythornthwaite while burning old tree stumps at the back of the Mission allowed the fire to run on, thereby setting alight the adjoining bush."

That day, a Wednesday, was excessively hot, and, as the whole summer had been very warm, all the bush and undergrowth must have been perfectly dry. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the cry of "Fire" went up, and from the southwest end of the island a big column of smoke began to darken the air, blowing in the direction of the Post.

For some minutes the natives stood gazing and then the realization that the Island was afire broke upon them. Something akin to panic set in. Canoes were loaded. Food, blankets and tents were thrown haphazardly into them, and they were swiftly paddled to the opposite bank of the river by the fear-stricken natives.

Imagine the scene: The river dotted with canoes, with their multicoloured loads; the roar of the ever-increasing fire, as it was fanned by a slight breeze, and the strange stillness that pervaded the Post, which can be sensed only in a deserted place.

The servants returned as soon as their families were safely "entrenched" on the other side of the river, and each with his axe hurried to the scene of the outbreak.

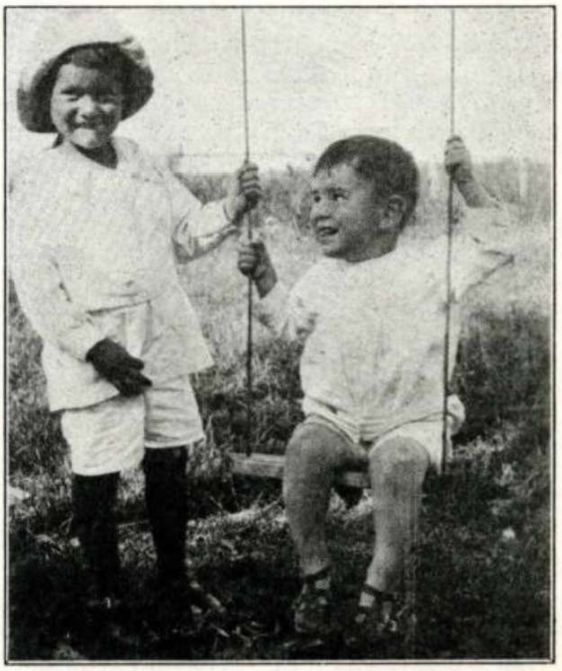
In company with Mr. Gaudet, our Post Manager, I went to see the progress made by the fire. Often we were compelled to change our route through the bush on account of the terrific heat and the choking, blinding smoke. In many places great patches of undergrowth were blazing quite a distance from the body of the fire, sparks having been blown ahead by the wind.

The roar of the fire was deafening as it caught fresh trees, shooting great lurid tongues of flame up their entire thirty feet. Darker and darker grew the air; the heat became fiercer; the fire advanced as if to satisfy its terrible hunger by enveloping the entire Island in its scorching clutch; and as we walked back to the deserted Post thoughts of having to abandon it ran through our minds.

However the wind dropped, and the little band of fire fighters worked hard to accomplish their task. Had the wind risen, the whole island would have been devastated.

All that night, and the succeeding five days and nights, gangs of natives (who had by this time got over their fright) and servants watched the fire until it was successfully stamped out.

Assembly of Indians who received H.B.C. Long Service Medals at Fort Alexander



Robust sons of Postmanager W. A. Murray, at Fort Alexander, Manitoba

WINNIPEG

RESOLVED

Jan. 1, 1921

that New Year's resolutions are not going out of fashion, as witnessed by the following answers to the query, "What is One of your New Year's Resolutions."

J. H. Pearen—To remain young that I may laugh with my children. To be considerate at all times of the aged and infirm or those in need of encouragement.

W. Ogden—To think more, talk less and to go through each day fully realizing that the opportunities which come to me lie in the present and not in the future.

Thos. F. Reith, Cardwriter—That I try to emulate the well-known Beaver and turn out heaps of

Bright
Effective
Artistic
Vigorous
Enterprising and
Readable

show cards, tickets and signs during 1921, in which case I expect to "BE-A-VER-"Y busy cardwriter.

Geo. W. Ashbrook—It is my opinion that a New Year's resolution, if sincere, should be confined to the individual's eye alone and not open to the gaze of the public.

S. Kaufman—One of my resolutions for 1921 is to endeavor to reduce my weight twenty pounds by applying myself assiduously to the royal sport of curling during the winter season and by strenuously playing tennis during leisure hours in the summer time.

Miss D. Bens—To be true to my word, my work and my friends. To make all I can, to save all I can and give all I can.

J. W. Frankish—We are aiming at 100% efficiency in selling our merchandise. It should be sold on the same basis as we buy it. More attention by sales staff in introducing all the new merchandise as it enters the department. This is our intention in departments 3 and 5 for 1921.

Chas. Healey—Do it now! This is my New Year's resolution. It is so easy to put things off when just a little "pep," a little extra energy is needed. So much can be gained and greater satisfaction can be given to all. Do it now!

A. C. Dunbar—I will increase my efficiency—(power to produce)—by studying, plus analyzing, plus determination, plus application, equals increased efficiency.

J. Whalley—That every business act of mine will be executed with the full belief that it is for the best interest of the firm.

Saml. Drennan—To continue placing more confidence in the washboard than in the Ouija board.

I. N. Cognito—Not to engage any more handsome looking salesgirls, as those I now have are all engaged—and may get married.

W. R. Ogston—One of my resolutions for the New Year will be to govern my actions, thought and speech towards my fellowmen by the well-known principle of "The Golden Rule" and to do my work in such a way that at the close of each day I may feel that I have accomplished something.

Winnipeg Moustache Club

Semi-Annual Report

JUST prior to the closing of the outfit ending January 31st, 1920, a careful inventory discloses the following state of affairs. The showing is not entirely satisfactory, but it is felt that some progress is being made.

Moustaches on Hand—None.

Moustaches on Upper Lip—Twenty divided among the following "heads of stocks": Messrs. Frankish, Goody, Grant, Moore (tailoring), Lade, Fuller, Hughes, Lackie, Weeden, Blowers, Leveque, Dickens, Harrison, Hardiman, Keeley, Chambers, Duckneau, Breitner, Clark, Pugsley (?).

New Member—Mr. T. Nichols. (Greetings, brother).

Under Suspicion — Mr. C. M. Thomas, Mr. C. Robinson, Mr. Robt. Cunningham.

The Club's National Anthem—"The Bonnie Bloomin' Heather."

Legend for Club's New Escutcheon—"The Weight of a Hair Will Turn the Scales."—*Shakespeare*.

Remarks—All members and supporters are urged to consult Mr. Saalfeld re irregularities of growth observed from time to time. Renovation for spring should be undertaken early. Special rates to members for loan of Hoover electric sweepers. Use of garden rakes or weeders will result in suspension from Club privileges. Special attention is called to the alarming recurrence of the grasshopper plague prophesied for June and July.

DO YOU REMEMBER

this remarkable aggregation? This is the formidable H.B.C. Football Team, Season 1911-12.

From left to right — Madill, Jones, Medland, Isaacs, Everitt, Paul, Brodie, Dyde, Foulks, Sheldon, Campbell, Mr. A. H. Doc, Law, Smith, Allan.

Managers' Social Dramatic Affair

As merry a company as ever graced a festal board met at the store buyers', managers' and assistants' social in the lunchroom, Thursday evening, January sixth. The highly edible and diversified "wittles" were disposed of with a display of "wim" and "wigor" which did justice to all traditions. Entire arrangements for the occasion were undertaken by the ladies, and the zest with which the entertainment proceeded brought down the applause of the whole assembly.

Speech, anecdote, jest, song and a three-act drama, starring the celebrated tragedian, Samuel Drennan, were features of an altogether enjoyable and profitable evening.

Are We 100 Per Cent Efficient?

By R. J. HUGHES

I WONDER how many of us could answer the question at the head of this article truthfully without a considerable amount of self-study, and if we did stop and analyze ourselves would we find that we could say, "Yes, I am 100 per cent. efficient." Now, let us consider for a minute what "efficient" really means.

Turning to your dictionery, you will find the definition, "capable of producing the desired results." Are we really prepared to say "yes, I am capable of producing the desired results." If you can't, you are not 100 per cent. efficient and must find the reason why. It does not matter what position you hold or what the nature of your work is, if you are efficient, advancement is bound to be waiting.

In a recent issue of *The Beaver* was a copy of what was called "A man-rating chart" and a statement that stores' staff promotions are governed by efficiency. Study this chart and see how many points you can honestly claim to have mastered. Whatever you do, don't go round like some people saying, "I am 100 per cent efficient." If you really are, the management will soon notice it and promotion will come your way. Next month I will tell you what an important part memory takes in efficiency.

Y-O-U!

What's the Matter With You, Anyway?

By ELMER PUGSLEY

THERE are two ways, 'tis said, by which to get into "society"—either by flattering or shocking it. But though the writer had the honeyed tongue of the anteater, this is no time to coddle and soothe you with some linseed-poultice sort of caressing lullaby. It's New Year's and I am deliberately setting out to fire up your "dander." Of course, you may be able to prove an alibi, but, otherwise, if these few plodding lines succeed in making you really boiling, red-hot "mad"—(not just angry, you understand)—that will be the best proof that you're still conscious—and there's hope

for you. We shudder when we read of "so and so" being picked up unconscious, but I could pick up numbers of people in that pitiable predicament any day—people who somehow got into the business world, strange to say.

You stand at the outset of a New Year. Scientists think there have been living beings on this old planet for 500,000 of those time-measures we call years—but there is *only one* you can be sure of—that's *this* year. It's a wonder you didn't think of that without being told! Glance back over the old year's glimmering trail now fading into whatever such things fade into. It is strewed with regrets and wasted opportunities that slipped through your careless fingers! Aren't you ashamed?

What's the matter with you anyway? Don't you care much? Aren't you interested in the big proposition called "life", more than just enough to watch the procession of progressive mortals passing? You'll never keep up with them if you don't pad right along! Wouldn't you like to strike out for a real goal, eh? You have the stuff in you if you'd just shake yourself a little to rouse your rusting gifts. Don't turn over the key to the bailiff just because you weren't born under a favorable sign in the zodiac. Even if your teacup doesn't read right—pshaw! you wouldn't let a thing like that spoil your future! Never mind if the bumps on your head are in the wrong place; jump into the scuffle and you'll receive any other bumps you need before you're through. A chap is said to have advertised his brains for sale the other day—"good as new—never been used." He never served in The Hudson's Bay, that fellow. No, sir!

The very air is surcharged with pleas to you to launch out and distinguish yourself. Self advancement is the theme of the age. No one can do as much for you as you can do for yourself. You're a regular "powerhouse" of possibilities if you have enough gumption to utilize them. You remember you turned down a smashing good chance to get ahead, when, for the sake of a few paltry frivolities, you sacrificed that special study course which you could have mastered in 1920. You know better than that. You saunter along through life as if you had a thousand years to put in here. Train the microscope on your freckled career and set about to remedy things. Come now, get hold of yourself! It's all beginning over again—New Year—new page—new everything! Tackle something that's so much bigger than you that it scares you! That's the way to grow accustomed to accomplishing big things. This is *your* year! How do you know that you're going to have another as good? Make this your motto—pin it tc your New Year's resclutions—"This is *My* Year!"—and in sooth it *will* be your year!

MISS McCHEYNE'S name was inadvertently omitted from the formerly published list of names of those completing ten years' service.

SINCE the change in markets Miss Winslow, our postmistress-in-general, is worried for fear someone is going to tear in one of these days and ask what the new replacement price is on two cent postage stamps.

SOMEONE turns in an unsigned report about the prevalence of "sparklers" getting hard on the eyes around the bureau of adjustment.

First Snowshoe Tramp By Land Staff

EIGHTEEN members of the Land Department staff snowshoed out to the home of Mr. B. Everitt, our genial associate editor, at East Kildonan, Saturday evening, December 18th. The party gathered at Redwood bridge and tramped north by way of Red River.

About half way it was found necessary to call a halt owing to the guide being missing. His rejuvenated appearance upon eventually overtaking the main party led to some doubt as to the generally accepted meaning of "air holes," which were reported to be the cause of the delay.

While there was not sufficient snow to make real good tramping, what was lacking in this respect was more than compensated for by the enjoyable time provided by the host and hostess at the conclusion of the hike. Here games and dancing were indulged in until midnight, when the party was brought to an end with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

—*F.H.N.*

An Error Rectified

AS some error in the names of the long service medalists had been made at the opening of the Anniversary Celebration, our general manager's office was the scene the other day of a pleasant little ceremony when Mr. Chas. E. Robinson was made the recipient of his long service medal. It was presented by Sir Augustus Nanton, chairman of the Canadian Advisory Committee, Mr. FitzGerald and Mr. Sparling being also present. "Charlie" has been with the Store since June 6, 1904, and is one of the bulwarks.

MR. JAMES THOMSON, former Commissioner of lands and furs, was warmly welcomed home at Winnipeg, December 23rd, after an absence of several months in the Orkneys and Scotland.

EDMONTON

LAND OFFICE

OUR Photograph shows Mr. J. R. McIntosh, H.B.C. Land Agent in charge of the Edmonton Land Office, with his secretary and Mr. Henderson (standing). Mr. McIntosh and staff who are actively associated with the Company's housing scheme, operate from these modern offices in the McLeod Building.

Retail Store Notes

Recent Changes Among Store's Department Heads

CHANGES never seem to come singly, for since the first appearance of *The Beaver* no less than five important executive appointments have been made in the store; and another is scheduled for the very near future.

MR. CHASEY, the new buyer for the men's clothing departments, and MISS M. DOHERTY, the new buyer for the hosiery and gloves, are now firmly established on their feet and are making noteworthy progress.

We now welcome to our ranks three more recent arrivals:

MR. PALLETT is another Easterner who has heard the call of the West. Mr. Pallett succeeds Mr. Jenkins as buyer of the trimmings and ribbons. He was previously with the T. Eaton Company for several years. Mr. Pallett is very favorably impressed with the City of Edmonton and predicts a great future for the store.

MR. SECORD is the new buyer of the ladies' ready-to-wear, and successor to Mr. Woodman. Mr. Secord was previously with the Robert Simpson Co., of Toronto, nine years buyer of the ladies' ready-to-wear and fur department. Since coming to the store, Mr. Secord has won the esteem of the entire staff and we predict a rosy future for the department under his supervision.

MR. J. McLEOD has succeeded Mr. McKee as buyer of the cigar and candy departments. Mr. McLeod was recently floor manager on the second floor and was previously manager of the grocery department, Hudson's Bay Company, Retail, Vernon, B.C.

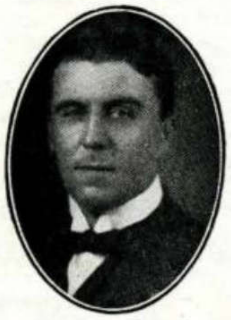
Hail to Our New Assistant "Chief"

THIS new appointment was effective on December 13th, 1920. Besides holding the position of assistant manager, Mr. McKenzie will also act in the capacity of merchandise manager, thereby relieving Mr. F. F. Harker of a big burden. Mr. Harker has for the past twelve months acted in the dual capacity of manager of the store as well as merchandise manager.

Mr. G. M. McKenzie was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, serving his ap-

prenticeship in the dry goods and men's wear business. In 1901 he came to Canada and joined the firm of Jaeger & Company, subsequently holding the position of stores manager and supervisor of the factory in Montreal. In 1916 Mr. McKenzie heard the call of his country and proceeded to the front, serving with His Majesty's forces in France until March, 1919.

Upon returning to Canada he accepted a position with the R. J. Tooke Company as general manager of the retail stores in Montreal. His recent appointment as assistant manager of the Edmonton store will fill a long felt want.



MR. P. A. STONE, president of the Amusement and Athletic Association, which has grown to embrace a dozen varied athletic and social activities since its inauguration in September, 1919.

MRS. LEWIS recently rejoined the staff after an absence of two years. She is in charge of the lace and neckwear department. We are glad to welcome her back.

MISS LAW is also an old member of the staff who has recently come back to the store. During her absence she was with the Company's store at Calgary. She is resuming her duties here in the ribbon department.

MISS McADAM, who has been in the Company's service for the past seven years, has left us for the coast. Miss McAdam was a very popular member of the staff and we regret exceedingly to lose her.

MR. HOWEY, of the men's furnishings department, is an expert hockey player. We have no doubt he will be a valuable acquisition to the store' team.

MR. C. STAPELLS, house furnishings buyer, and Mr. Hewes are very busy these days supervising the draperies and furnishings for the palatial new Empire theatre.

WE HAVE HEARD that a certain young lady on the third floor has lost her heart and is going to sign a life contract in the very near future.

The A. and A. A. Concert Reveals Real Artists

ANOTHER of those very enjoyable concerts which are staged periodically through the winter months by the Amusement and Athletic Association, was held in the "Hudsonia" dining room on Thursday evening, December 2nd, at which about 150 members and their friends were present.

The association was again fortunate in hearing Mr. R. L. Bateman, who rendered "She Is Far from the Land" and, in response to a hearty encore, "For You Alone" was all that could be desired.

Miss Kate Hamilton sang "Bird Songs" in which her beautiful voice was heard to very great advantage.

Mrs. Roy Carbert sang Tosti's "Good Bye," and as an encore, "Angus MacDonald."

Mr. Bert Crockett sang "There's Life in the Old Dog Yet," which was very much appreciated, he being vociferously encored.

All the other artists are members of the staff and their songs were all rendered in admirable style.

One exceptionally pleasing number was the duet, "Tenor and Baritone," Mr. T. A. Crockett's tenor and Mr. Digney's baritone voices blending in perfect harmony.

Miss Edna Southen and Miss K. Riddle were two excellent sopranos, whilst Miss W. E. Crowther's sweet contralto voice has never been heard to greater advantage.

Mr. T. A. Crockett and Mr. George Saunders have fine tenor voices, whilst Mr. G. Robert's deep base was used with effect in "Out on the Deep."

Mr. C. Digney was splendid in "Captain Mack" and later his rendering of "My Old Shako" was perfect.

Miss Moore acted as accompanist throughout and in addition gave a duet in company, with her sister.

One cannot speak too highly of Miss Moore's assistance, as she is always ready and willing to help in any way that will add to the enjoyment of the staff, whether it be as accompanist or soloist.

Mr. P. A. Stone, president of the Amusement and Athletic Association, acted as chairman.

Community Singing is Getting Results

COMMUNITY singing for the staff, which was inaugurated at the Edmonton store, November 1st, 1920, is reported to be an unqualified success.

The staff arrive at 8.45 a.m. and sing usually two songs before 8.55 a.m. bell sounds, when the covers are removed preparatory to the day's business.

The initiative was taken by the Amusement and Athletic Association. The fact that it is still retaining the original interest proves that the all-important co-operation has been obtained; hence the success.

Whilst it is impossible yet to gauge the full extent of the benefits derived from community singing, it may be said that the early morning "grouch" is dissipated, and that alone makes it worth while, as it leaves the staff in a happier frame of mind. This cannot but conduce to the betterment of the service afforded to customers.

From community singing to a trained choir is but a step, since even the untrained singer gradually falls into and holds the time and rhythm of the piece being sung, so that from an untrained band of voices a perfectly functioning choir is created.

This is the aim of the Edmonton Amusement and Athletic Association, and with a continuance of the staff's co-operation that end will be attained.

The Ad. Man's Destiny

MR. JACK PREST was going home one night in the street car. It was late, and the man sitting next to him began to talk. "What business are you in?" he asked. "The advertising business," replied Jack. "Is that so? Well, well, I used to be in the advertising business myself. I gave it up though and went into the rag-and-old-bottle business. I was a sandwich man for the Empire Theatre for six months." "Say," and he leaned over confidentially, "Ain't it hard when the wind blows?"

CALGARY

The Rank and File

By F. R. REEVE

THE newspapers recently had much to say concerning the remarkable honors paid in England and France to the bodies of two unknown soldiers who fell on the battlefields.

It was a nation's whole-hearted recognition of the fact that Victory was after all due to the efforts and self-sacrifice of the rank and file.

In the scheme of life each one of us has a definite sphere to fill. Lest those who now constitute the rank and file in the service of the Company should be inclined to regard their positions with something of dissatisfaction, as being of no importance, I would have them take a lesson from the honors paid to these two unknown soldiers.

Upon those who constitute the front rank, those who come in contact with the public, the whole success of this great Company depends.

Behind you it is true, stretches a long line that reaches back from the junior buyer, through to the Governor himself, but the work accomplished by this wonderful organization does not reach its greatest success except through your co-operation.

The transaction between a customer and salesperson is not just so much money changing hands for a certain article. It represents the crowning success of a long series of operations, that, through your hands as the H.B.C. representative, reaches the goal for which it was intended, an appreciative buying public.

Upon the conduct of the rank and file—upon the impressions that are derived from your personality—is this Company judged.

The courtesy, helpfulness and efficiency that are displayed by you are the greatest assets this Company has. To know and to realize that no matter what your position in the service of the Company may be, that the Company is absolutely depending on your efforts will be to create in you a greater desire for helpfulness and efficiency which cannot fail to mean greater success for yourself and Company too.

VANCOUVER

Everybody Boost for Our 1921 Hockey Team

IT HAS been asked of the editor why there were not more attending the hockey games last winter, and why the H.B.C. employees were very backward in supporting their own team, being especially conspicuous by their absence. We've a dandy team this year, folks, and the boys sure would like some "rooters." Come along and bring your friends and the horn off the old Ford. Help the team make a name for themselves in the Commercial League. The following are the names of our players:

W. E. Almas (Capt.)	*J. Gilroy*
E. Herbert	*J. C. Hamm*
P. Timmins	*J. McDonald*
Chub Anderson	*J. D. Barber*
R. M. Mair	*C. Boe*

WE WERE very grieved to hear on December 10th of the death of Mr. Patterson, husband of Mrs. W. Patterson, cashier in our children's shoe department.

WE ARE ALSO bereaved of one of our old employees, Mr. James Hallisy, who passed away at his home on December 10th. The deceased was on our night staff, and had been in the Company's employ since 1918.

THE ARMY and Navy League Hall again witnessed a popular H.B.C. dance. Approximately 350 attended and tripped the light fantastic to the strains of Garden's orchestra. Mr. Skelly, chairman, and his competent committee had charge of the affair, which was carried off without a hitch to a very successful ending.

Mr. Lockyer Elected President of Vancouver Exhibition Association

Holding their first meeting since taking office, the directors of the Vancouver Exhibition Association on Dec. 16th elected Mr. H. T. Lockyer, manager of the Hudson's Bay Company, Vancouver retail store, as president for the ensuing year.— *Vancouver Province.*

MR. W. W. FRAZER, the popular buyer for china and glass, left for Europe in the interests of his section, early this month. Many laudatory remarks were overheard by Eastern and American tourists anent his last collection of lovely china. Mr. Frazer apparently knows where to get them. "Where do they get all these pretty patterns—there's not an ugly one among them"—exclaimed a lady from Ottawa recently, and went on to say she had never seen a better display in New York, Montreal or Toronto. But that's Mr. Frazer's secret. We wish him bon voyage and the best of luck this time.

MISS A. K. SMITH, too, buyer of notions, neckwear, laces, trimmings, hankies and fancy jewellery, has been chosen for a trip abroad after the airy fairy "nothings" — "the stuff that dreams are made of"—that are so dear to feminine hearts. Her return from Europe ladened with spoils will be looked forward to with interest by her constituency in Vancouver. You may be sure Miss Smith will not overlook any of the cute or smart little knick-knacks that are being shown in the marts over there, and we shall all have an opportunity to be more than ever up-to-date on her return. Vancouver is to be congratulated on having two buyers in whom the Company has so much faith and confidence as to entrust with this important foreign buying.

The Tell-Tale Inventory

A Vancouver bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the diningroom was reached the tally of furniture ran thus:

One dining room table, oak.
One set of chairs (6), oak.
One sideboard, oak.
Two bottles of whiskey, (full)!

Then the word "full" was stricken our and replaced by "empty" and the inventory went on in a hand that struggled and lurched across the page, until it closed with:

"One revolving door mat."

Mr. Greer Gets a Regular Shower of Good Things

By E. BELL

OF the recent year end festivities enjoyed by Hudson's Bay employees perhaps none had more of the *vivre* and relish of the days of real sport than the banquet tendered Mr. Greer by his staff in the display department.

This event took place in the Barron Hotel to begin with and ended at a box party to the opera to witness the "Dance Shop." The menu of the dinner, which was enjoyed both wisely and well, gives some of the unlucky individuals who were not invited an appetizer even to read:

Greer Soup
Goose a la Greer
Oyster Cocktail, Y.M.C.A.
Celery a la Celestial Citizen
Brussels Sprouts a la Lulu Island
Fried Sweet Potatoes, Brunette
Hot Toasted Rolls, Blonde
Combination Salad a la Display
French Pastry Translated Cake, Devilled
Creme de Chaufroid Cafe d'Hots D'el

(N.B.—S.O.S. Calgary. M. Laparique, please note. Can you beat it?)

Having done full justice to these delectable viands the innocent occasion of so much mirth was next trotted to the opera, where his friends had taken the precaution to present him with a lorgnette or opera glass, we forget which. (Anyway it was not a monocle.) Notwithstanding, to the everlasting credit of the display department, they all turned up next morning on time and in the best of spirits.

Old-Time Employees Visit the Store

Among the guests of the Store last month were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander J. Baird, both old-time employees of the Company, who devoted a number of years of faithful service in the old store and two or three years in the new store.

Mr. Baird was secretary to the general manager, Mr. Lockyer. In 1917, he went to Honolulu for a new field to conquer. He was there but a little while before he sent for his fiancee, Miss Beck, then the general manager's stenographer. As soon as she arrived in Honolulu they were married. Being accustomed to speculating and used to seeing money made out of land, Mr. Baird (in face of much opposition) bought a piece of land and built three cottages thereon—an investment which proved a good one and a money maker.

KAMLOOPS

H. B. C. Kamloops Store Dates Back to 1812

Location Has Changed Several Times to Keep Pace With Growth of City

By A. E. DODMAN

THE Company's store at Kamloops dates back to the year 1812 and it is therefore one of the oldest establishments at present existing in the stores department.

The original location was some distance from the present store site, as, like all Western towns, the business centre has changed several times, and the Company found it necessary to change from time to time in order to keep pace with the natural growth of the city.

The present premises were purchased and remodelled by the Company in 1911, and have a frontage of 75 feet on Victoria Street, extending 125 feet on Second Avenue with two entrances on Victoria and one on Second Avenue.

The building consists of two stories and basement. In addition the Company also operates a wholesale and retail tobacco and candy business on rented premises situated at the corner of Victoria Street and Third Avenue.

The business at Kamloops comprises eight departments—general dry goods, ladies' wear, men's furnishings, boots and shoes, crockery and hardware, house furnishing, groceries and tobaccos.

MISS BROOKE, of the grocery staff, resigned her position with the Company and was married on January 1st, 1921. She was presented with a travelling bag by the staff. We wish her all kinds of joy and happiness in her new venture. She was a real "good fellow" and will be greatly missed by us.

MISS MUIR has accepted the position made vacant by Miss Brooke of the Grocery Department. We wish Miss Muir every success.

MISS COZENS says she was never "locked out" in her life, but she experienced the feeling of being "locked in." She says "never again."

THE STAFF presented Mr. A. E. Dodman, our store manager, and Mrs. Dodman with a Christmas gift of a very handsome tea set with best wishes.

A RUMOUR is heard to the effect that Mr. McDonald, the accountant, has become an expert dancer, and has accepted an invitation to teach three ladies the fine points in dancing. Nice for Mac, but kind of tough on the ladies.

AFTER a very busy and most successful Christmas trade the staff have settled down for the most successful January sale we have ever had.

VERNON

Entire Staff a Santa Claus to Mr. Pout, Xmas

ON Christmas Eve, at the close of the biggest day in the history of the Vernon Store, the staff gathered for a few minutes to extend good wishes and exchange tokens of friendship. At the conclusion, Mr. Pout was captured when trying to tip-toe off, set securely within the smiling circle, and compelled to listen to the following effusion which Tom Bone, the store poet, says he did not compose. It is now being blamed on Jack Ricketts, and so far Jack hasn't denied it.

Our dear respected Mister Pout
We guess you guess what we're about;
If not, you won't be long in doubt,
But get the sense,
So we shall quickly put to rout
Your dread suspense.

It's Christmas time, as you well know,
And we have gathered here to show
That years may come and years may go,
With rush and zest,
But our good feelings far outgrow
This timely test?

It gives us joy to give to you
This coffee service, bright and new,
And wish that all things good and true
That hope conjures,
May travel all the next year through
With you and yours.

Mr. Pout was too full for words (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), but he managed to express his hearty thanks for the splendid support and co-operation he had received from the entire staff during the Christmas rush, also for the kind thought which prompted the giving of such a beautiful gift.

The coffee pot was one of those long narrow "prohibition" coffee pots that you are unable to tell what is inside of until you taste the contents.

Tom Harrison struck up "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." "Arry" thought it was "Auld Lang Syne" and started off on his own, while James Henderson, in an endeavour to put them both right, commenced "Will You No Come Back Again."

When the company broke up, those three were still at it, and nobody could tell which was winning.—*R.W.*

MISS CRIDLAND, treasurer of our Sisters' Sewing Circle, has been absent from the meeting several week. We were surprised to see her at the last meeting. She says her absence has been due to the fact that she had to attend "prayer meetings." We have since learned that a certain young man's "tin Lizzie" is being overhauled. May it take all winter—so Gladys will be at every meeting.

MISS PHILLYS RIPLEY, the girl with the sparkling eyes, assisted for several weeks in the hardware department but is back once again at her old

stand tying bows for the kiddies. Her eyes still sparkle and there are many beaus waiting for her to cast her spell on one of them so that two may be tied into one bow.

"WONDERFUL how popular some men are," said Watson, when he heard what happened Christmas Eve. The girls in the dry goods department placed mistletoe on the light over Mr. Andrews' desk—and not one missed him, even Mabel had hers. Nuff sed.

MR. TOM BONE, assistant manager of the grocery department, the staff poet, has changed his vocation and now spends his evenings making musical instruments. We wonder if it will be jazz or operatic music.

WE ARE glad to learn that Mrs. Griffin, wife of C. Griffin of the men's department, is home once again after being confined to the Hospital several weeks with typhoid fever. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

Vernon, Gem of the Okanagan

—and the H.B.C. Store, One of Its Institutions

THIRTY years ago, there were only two stores in Vernon, The Hudson's Bay Company and W. F. Cameron, both firms carrying a general line of merchandise. The only other stores in the Okanagan Valley, at this period, were one at Enderby, Landsdowne, Okanagan Mission and Penticton, so that these stores supplied the necessities of life practically to the whole of the Okanagan Valley, reaching from Sicamous to fifty miles beyond Penticton and from Grand Prairie to the White Valley district. The towns of Armstrong and Kelowna, at this period, were not in existence.

Travelling in the early days was by stage and boat in Summer, the boat running from Sicamous to Enderby, thence by stage to Vernon, and the only method of travelling in Winter was by stage or pack horse. Mail, also, was received by these means of transportation.

The great bulk of trading, at that time, was done with Victoria, which was a greater commercial centre than Vancouver. All merchandise from the Coast was carried by freight trains to Sicamous, transferred there to a small steamer as far as Enderby and thence by wagon to Vernon.

Business conditions and the manner of trading in the early days were entirely different to the present day method. There were no banks in the Valley, all banking being done through Vancouver, cheques often passing around as currency and would have as many as a dozen endorsations before reaching the bank.

Yearly credit was the system of trading. Farmers,ranchers,trappers and Indians paid their accounts once a year after they had received money for their crops and catch of furs; the amusing feature in regard to the credit in these days being that the average customer would ask of his account, simply looking at the total and settling up without checking up. Considerable business was done in the bulk, tea sold by the chest, flour and sugar by the ton, and other commodities in similar large quantities.

Thirty years ago the Valley was passing through a stage of transition from stock-raising to wheat producing.

R. P. Rithet & Co. of Victoria controlled a large flour mill at Enderby, where all the wheat of the district was taken and milled. Wheat then sold as low as $18.00 per ton at the mill, the farmer doing his own hauling. A few years later $28.00 per ton was considered a wonderful price.

During the period under review, very little fruit was grown and it was not until 1892 that the growing of fruit was given any serious thought. At that time, Lord Aberdeen purchased the land now known as the Coldstream Ranch and started fruit growing on a fairly large scale, the land being purchased from Forbes G. Vernon. After him the City of Vernon was named. He was, at that time, member for the Okanagan Valley, also Minister of Labor and Works.

At this period the population of Vernon was about 300 and, generally speaking, were considered prosperous.

A Mr. Gray of Nicola was the largest cattle buyer and a general round-up of cattle was made twice a year, when he would make his purchase from the ranchers and drive the cattle out to the coast or prairie markets.

(To be continued)

BEAVER CHIPS

The Secret of Success

In the fall a Methodist minister came into the Edmonton exhibition offices and inquired where he could purchase a good, reliable horse. He was directed to R. B. Hill's stables, where, after a judicious amount of deliberation, he decided on a horse which suited his fancy and pocket, and took him home. Two days afterwards he came back to Mr. Hill and stated that the horse was blind, and within the rules as prescribed by the Methodist church he told Mr. Hill just what he thought of the deal, and asked him why he had not been informed that the horse was blind, before purchasing him. Mr. Hill very modestly replied that he had not thought he should tell him, as the man from whom he got the horse in the first place had said nothing about this defect, and he thought it was a secret!!

No Wonder

Editor—"We are sorry to lose your subscription, Mr. Jackson. What's the matter? Don't you like our politics?"

Mistah Jackson—"T'aint dat, sah; t'aint dat. Mah wife jes' been an' landed a job o' work for me by advertisin' in youh darned ole papah."

Didn't Need To

A young Irishman recently applied for a job as life-saver at the municipal baths.

As he was about six feet six inches high and well built, the chief life-saver gave him an application blank to fill out.

"By the way," said the chief life-saver, "can you swim?"

"No," replied the applicant; "but I can wade like blazes!"

He Got the Job

Police Commissioner—"If you were ordered to disperse a mob what would you do?"

Applicant—"Pass around the hat."

P.C.—"You'll do."

Two Strings to Her Beau

He—"If you could only have two wishes come true, what would you wish for?"

She (frankly)—"Well, I'd wish for a husband."

He—"That's the only one."

She—"I'd save the other wish until I saw how he turned out."

Well! Well!

"I say, who was here with you last night?"

"Only Myrtle, father."

"Well, tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano."

Fifty-Fifty

A man from Toronto reported that an African resident of that city did a rattling business in rabbit sausages, until some of his customers began to question the quality of the goods. A committee waited on the merchant, and asked him if any meat other than that of rabbits went into the sausages. He reluctantly admitted that there was another meat in them, and when pressed further said that the dilution was by means of horse meat. The chairman of the committee then asked him the proportion of the two ingredients, and he said fifty-fifty. The committee started to withdraw when a heretofore silent member raised the question as to what the merchant meant by "fifty-fifty." "Why, boss, by fifty-fifty ah means one rabbit and one bawss."

All Engaged

An Irishman who had lately come over was sent to call a taxi. In about half an hour he returned and reported as follows: "Some wan be the name of Hire has the most of thim ingaged, and the only wans he didn't have some wan else had."

Slim, Slimmer, Slimmest

Last week we read of a firm—manufacturers of petticoats—which went into bankruptcy. They stated in explanation that women, in the shrinking process of appearing taper, had ceased wearing 'em.

To-day we notice the advertisement of a ladies' tailor: "Suits made to order, with or without material."

Without material? Gad Zooks!

We cut out that ad and burned it lest our wife should find it.

Some Ditty

There was a young man from the city,
Who met what he thought was a kitty;
He gave it a pat
And said, "Nice little cat!"
And they buried his clothes out of pity.

Vaccination Problem

Classical Dancer—"Doctor, I want to be vaccinated somewhere where it won't show."

Doctor—"Well, miss, I'm afraid I will have to vaccinate internally."

The Safety Vent

A friend of mine fell asleep in the bathtub with the water running."

"Did the tub overflow?"

"Nope; luckily he sleeps with his mouth open."

The smoking tobacco of yesterday, today and tomorrow

H.B.C.

IMPERIAL MIXTURE

"Canada's National Smoke"

The Tin with the Humidor Top

—Obtainable in 1/10, 1/5, 1/2 and 1 lb. tins at good dealers every-where